Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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A PLAYMATE OF THOMAS JEFFERSON

BY MARIE KIMBALL

On a certain July morning of the year 1802, as Miss Eleanor Randolph of Edgehill, Virginia, was earnestly occupied in "taking great care" of her "bantams", she was disturbed in these duties by the arrival of the following note from the President of the United States:

Washington, Tuesday, July 20, 1802.

My very dear Ellen

I will catch you in bed on Sunday or Monday morning.

Yours affectionately,

Th. Jefferson.

Miss Eleanor Randolph.

Although the news of her grandfather's coming doubtless caused Miss Ellen no small degree of excitement, his threat was no new thing. Surprising his little granddaughter in the early morning hours was, indeed, an established custom with Jefferson which he often jestingly alludes to elsewhere.

The subject of these affectionate surprises was the third child of Jefferson's beloved daughter Patsy, born in 1796, while he was Vice-President. She was the favorite among his many granddaughters, with whom he corresponded more frequently than with any other and of whom he spoke in terms of unique devotion. He alludes to her as "my peculiarly valued granddaughter for whom I have a special affection;" and on another occasion, many years later, he writes: "She merits anything I

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could have said of a good temper, a sound head and great range of information."

Ellen received letters from her distinguished grandfather from her fifth year until his death some twenty-five years later. The letters, lying still unpublished among the papers of the Massachusetts Historical Society, have lost none of their quaintness and charm. They reveal a phase of his nature which Jefferson was usually careful to conceal. It was only his tiny correspondent who could lead the grave President to write as a birthday greeting: "On Sunday next, the 30th, . . . receive the kisses I imprint for you on this paper." Ellen rewarded his devotion, as she herself says, with "all the affection of a child and something of the loyalty of a subject."

For a long time the letters from the President greatly outnumber those from his little correspondent, and he is obliged to resort to various amusing devices to coax replies from her. The first letter is dated Washington, November 27, 1801, and is in answer to one from her written by her mother. It is addressed very formally to "Miss Eleanor Randolph," and reads as follows:

My dear Ellen,

I have received your letter and am very happy to learn you have made such rapid progress in learning. When I left Monticello you could not read and now I find you can not only read but write also. I inclose you two little books as a mark of satisfaction, and if you continue to learn as fast you will become a learned lady and publish books yourself. I hope you will at the same time continue to be a very good girl, never getting angry with your playmates nor the servants, but always trying to be more good humored and more generous than they. If you find that one of them has been better tempered to you than you to them, you must blush, and be very much ashamed, and resolve not to let them excel you again. In this way you will make us all too fond of you, and I shall particularly think of nothing but what I can send you or carry you to show you how much I love you. . . . I have given this letter 20 kisses which it will deliver to you: half to yourself, and the other half you must give to Anne [Ellen's older sister]. Adieu my dear Ellen.

TH. JEFFERSON.

That Miss Eleanor Randolph was not able to reply to this personally, we gather from a letter of her mother to the President. His jesting allusion to Ellen's literacy proved to have stimulated her to unwonted efforts, if we may believe a fond mother's account:

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Edgehill, April 16, 1802.

. . . Ellen reads, not very correctly it is true, but in a way speedily to do so, I hope. For which I really think we are indebted to your letter expressing your surprise at her having in so short a time learned to read and write; she began with it herself, and by continually spelling out lines, putting them together, and then reading them to whoever would listen to her, she convinced me of the practicability of carrying on reading and spelling together, before, in the regular course of business, she had got into two syllables. The writing she attempted also but the trouble was so much greater than any end to be attained by teaching her at so early a period, that very reluctantly I prevailed upon her to defer that part of her education to a more distant one. So much for my hopes and fears with regard to those objects in which they center . . . if they turn out well with regard to morals I *ought* to be satisfied, though I *feel* that I never can sit down quietly under the idea of their being blockheads.

The first letter from Ellen to her grandfather that is still preserved is one written a little later, when she was eight years old. A thoughtful mother had ruled the paper for her guidance with delicate double lines in pencil, and had helped with the spelling, although not enough to eliminate all errors. Ellen writes in a large, round, regular hand, its occasional trembling betraying the great pains she took, as well as her lack of practice with a pen. In her eagerness and pride she forgot to dot her "i's":

My dear GrandPapa

I recieved your letter and am very much obliged to you for it, as it is very seldom that I get one you cannot think how glad I was at it. I am very much obliged to you for the bantams you promised me and will take great care of them. I go on very slowly with my French for I have got through but one book of Telemachus but I hope that I shall now go on better since Mamma's health is so much better that she is able to hear us our lessons regularly. Give my love to Papa and Mrs. H. Smith [whose acquaintance she had made in Washington during the winter of 1802]. Adieu my Dear GrandPapa believe me to be your affectionate GrandDaughter

ELLEN WAYLES RANDOLPH.

Feb 22, 1805.

With his next letter Jefferson inaugurates a custom, which he adopted with all his grandchildren, of sending them poems cut from the papers of the day and from various other sources. These they were to keep and learn by heart:

Washington, Mar. 4, '05.

My dearest Ellen,

I owe a letter to you and one to your sister Anne. But the pressure of the day on which this is written and your Papa's departure permits me to write

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only to you, to inclose you a poem about another namesake of yours, and some other pieces worth preserving. As I expect Anne's volume is now large enough, I will begin to furnish you with materials for one. I know you have been collecting some yourself; but as I expect there is some tag, rag & bobtail verse among it you must begin a new volume for my materials. I am called off by company therefore God bless you, my child, kiss your Mamma and sisters for me & tell them I shall be with them in about a week from this time. Once more adieu.

TH. JEFFERSON.

Mrs. Harrison Smith, in one of her sprightly letters, has revealed what an attachment for poetry this custom initiated in Ellen's susceptible mind. "She is singularly and extravagantly fond of poetry," Mrs. Smith writes. "I repeated to her Goldsmith's *Hermit*, which she listened to with the most expressive countenance, her eyes fixed on mine and her arms clasped close around me."

Late in May of the same year Mistress Ellen received the following distressing statement of her account with the President of the United States:

Miss Eleanor W. Randolph to Th. Jefferson Dr

1805 May 21	To a letter which ought to be written once in every three weeks while I am here, to wit from Jan. 1, 1805, to this day, 15 weeks	5.
	Cr	
Feb 23	By one single letter of this day's date	1.
	Balance due from E. W. Randolph to Th. J.	4.
		5

So stands the account for this year, my dear Ellen, between you and me. Unless it be soon paid off I shall send the sheriff after you. I inclose you an abundant supply of poetry, among which you will find Goody Blake, which I think you wanted. I will thank you if you will put on your boots & spurs & ride to Monticello and inform me how my thorns live. This part of the country is beautifying with them so fast that every ride I take makes me anxious for those at Monticello. Your Papa in his last letter informs me the mumps have got into the family. Let me know who have it and how all do. Kiss your dear Mamma for me & shake hands with all the little ones. Present me affectionately to your Papa & accept *mes baise-mains* yourself.

TH. JEFFERSON.

Ellen's letter of the fourth of July, 1805, to which the following one from her grandfather is a reply, is unfortunately not pre-

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served with the rest of the correspondence. How charming it must have been, how full of a wistful eagerness to share the secrets of the grown-up mind, Jefferson's letter leads us to suspect. Odd as it may strike us of the present day that a child of eight should express such interest in the fine arts, her grandfather takes it quite as a matter of course, and writes her in the spirit in which the questions were asked:

Washington, July 10, '05.

My dearest Ellen,

To answer the question in your letter of the fourth I must observe that neither the *number* nor the particular arts entitled to that appellation have been fixed by general consent. Many reckon but five: Painting, sculpture, architecture, music and poetry. To these some have added Oratory, including within that Rhetoric which is the art of style and composition. Others again, add gardening as a 7th fine art. Not horticulture, but the art of embellishing grounds by fancy. I think Lord Kames has justly proved this to be entitled to the appellation of a fine art. It is nearly allied to landscape painting, and accordingly we generally find the landscape painter the best designer of a garden. No perfect definition of what is a fine art has ever yet been given. Some say that as those are *mechanical* arts which consist in manual operation unconnected with the understanding, those are *fine* arts which to manual operation join the exercise of the imagination or genius.—This would comprehend sculpture, painting, architecture and gardening, but neither music, poetry nor oratory. Others say that the sciences are objects of the understanding, the fine arts of the senses. This would add gardening but neither poetry nor oratory. A definition which should include Poetry and Oratory and no more would be very difficult to form. I have delivered your love to Mrs. Smith. I will bring mine to you all on Thursday, Friday or Saturday next. . . . God bless you all.

TH. JEFFERSON.

By some mischance this disquisition on the fine arts did not reach Ellen before it was time for her to write again, and she is very frank to express her disappointment. The faded yellow sheet on which this letter is written bears interesting testimony to Ellen's gradual advance in the art of writing. The lines are still painstakingly double-ruled for her guidance, yet her hand is smaller and more sophisticated. As she draws near the end, however, she relapses into her former childish manner in an endeavor to lengthen her letter. The cloak of sophistication was still apparently not too firmly fixed upon her shoulders. The letter is without date or superscription:

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How was I disappointed at not receiving a letter from my dear GrandPapa this Post in answer to one I wrote him! You said in your letter to Sister Anne that you expected but a short one from me, however I am determined to keep up a regular correspondence, if possible. You said also that you would catch me in bed the morning of the 18, 19, or 20 of this week; I hope you will not, for I shall rise betimes all three mornings I expect you. Aunt has had the mumps and is not quite recovered. I am very much obliged to you for the Poetry you sent me and think it all very Pretty, particularly *Little John* and the *Ode to Modesty*. Sister Anne's fowls are increased greatly. My hen has laid a great many eggs not fit for hatching. Adieu my dear Grand Papa believe me to be your affectionate GrandDaughter

E. W. Randolph.

Ellen's determination to "keep up a regular correspondence" with the President seems to have suffered during the summer and fall of 1805, for her next letter was not written until the tenth of November, when she had just passed her ninth birthday. This was not due to a lack of steadfastness of purpose, as one might suspect in so youthful a correspondent, but to "want of impliments," as she herself confesses. The letter bears witness, however, that she was not wholly without practice during her long months of silence, for the lines are now single-ruled, her writing has become small and dainty, and it preserves its new character of sophistication to the very last letter of the very last word:

Dear Grand Papa,

I expect you think I have forgotten the Promise I made you of writing to you every Post but I have not for I have tried several times but could not effect it for want of impliments to do it. You must answer my letter for it would give me great Pleasure to keep up a regular Correspondence with you. I have no news to tell you except the report that prevails that of Mrs. Trists marriage with Governor Claiborne. I suppose you have heard it. It is time to finish my letter I have written enough for this time. Sister Anne gives her love to you and says she will write to you shortly. Mamma gives hers to you also as do all the children. Give mine to Mrs. Smith and tell her I hope I shall see her soon. Adieu my Dear Grand Papa believe me to be your affectionate Grand Daughter, Ellen Wayles Randolph, Edgehill, November 10, 1805.

The next letter Ellen received must have set her in a whirl. Preparations were going on apace at Edgehill for the Randolphs to spend the winter at the White House with the President. Mrs. Randolph took all her children with her. It was an exciting

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change from the quiet life of a Virginia plantation, and we know that the children enjoyed it, even though their mother was never tempted to try the experiment again. Ellen was quick to make friends. Among those most devoted to her were the beautiful Dolly Madison and Mrs. Harrison Smith, who speaks of "the lovely Ellen . . . without exception one of the finest and most intelligent children I have ever met with":

Washington, Nov. 24, '05.

My dearest Ellen

Your letter of the 10th did not get here till the 19th and this is the first post-day since that for answering it. . . . It is expected that Mrs. Madison will leave Philadelphia tomorrow and be here with Mrs. Cutts in the course of the week. She will of course be here before you. I believe I formerly inclosed the poem now sent; but not being certain & its merit considerable I now forward it. In hopes of soon seeing you I shall only add kisses for your Mamma & sisters & yourself, and my affectionate salutations to your Papa.

TH. JEFFERSON.

A long silence now ensues in the correspondence while Ellen is visiting her grandfather and, apparently, while she is getting over it. Then come several little notes full of a tender love and respect for the great man. In Washington she had learned that he was President of the United States as well as an indulgent grandfather. The following extract is characteristic:

I cannot let slip so good an opportunity of writing to my dear Grandpapa as now offers itself. Although I cannot write a very long letter yet at least I will write a few lines to let him see how much I love and respect him and that I intend to correspond with him. We are going over to Edgehill tomorrow there to wait impatiently until we can see you again. I do not intend to let you catch me in bed that day as I will get up with the sun that you may not, for I should be very sorry if you found me as averse to getting up early as I was when you left us. . . .

With Ellen's increasing years and growing sense of responsibility, the letters to her grandfather improve, until a statement of their account would this time stand very much in her favor. She magnanimously forgives him, however, saying, "I do not regard your not punctually answering my letters as I know how many you have to write." Her letters contain, for the most part, news of the health of the family. As Ellen herself quaintly phrased it, "I rely upon your indulgence to excuse this

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short letter as I have not anything to say to you." Throughout the correspondence one can observe her rapid development and her adoption of the language of her elders to a degree even greater than is usual with most children, as when she writes: "James [her small brother, James Madison Randolph, at this time about two years old] is very much grown & I think now is a very handsome and sprightly child."

Jefferson replied to his little granddaughter's series of patient communications by a letter in his most amusing vein. At the same time he betrays how eagerly he craved the small news of those he had left at home—a very human characteristic never dulled by his long public life:

Washington, Feb. 8, '07.

My dearest Ellen,

I believe it is true that you have written me 2 letters to my one to you. Whether this proceeds from your having more industry or less to do than myself I will not say. One thing however I will say that I most sincerely wish to be with you all, and settle the point viva voce (if you do not understand these two Latin words you must lay Jefferson's [her older brother] Latin under contribution that you may know because they are often used in English writing). To return to our correspondence, you have a great advantage as to matter for communication. You have a thousand little things which I am fond to hear; for instance the health of everybody . . . then what you are reading, what are your other occupations, how many dozen bantams you have raised, how often you and Anne have rode to Monticello to see if the tulips are safe etc. etc. etc. However I shall be with you about the 11th or 12th proxim (more Latin, madam) and then we will examine the tulips together. Kiss your dear Mamma a thousand times for me, and all the sisters q.s. (more Latin) and be assured yourself of my tender affections.

TH. JEFFERSON.

Ellen's reply shows that she has not lost the literal-mindedness of extreme youth. She artlessly discourses upon each point her grandfather has suggested:

Dear GrandPapa,

I suspect that it would be more reasonable to think that your owing me three letters proceeds from my having more time than industry, although a very little part of this winter has been spent by me in Idleness still however I think that you must have a great deal more to do than I have. . . . As for the bantam she laid one egg in the cold weather and eat it up. I am very much afraid she will do all the others so. If she does she will be as worthless as the others. But in spite of that I am fond of them and think them very hand-

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some. . . . I have not finished the Grecian history but I shall very soon. . . . Your affectionate GrandDaughter,

ELLEN WAYLES RANDOLPH.

A group of letters from Ellen recounting the small news of the family now follow in quick succession. Simple and naïve as they are, they are not lacking in charm or in a certain wistfulness that is most appealing. Her bantams cause her no end of concern. Once she writes: "One of my poor little bantams is dead and the one I liked best, although it was the old one. He had got so tame that he would fly up in my lap and eat out of my hand. All the children were sorry of his death." Again: "My bantams are well but I am afraid I shall never raise any." Another time a "wild animal" caused great excitement at Edgehill, for Ellen writes: "An Elephant passed through Milton lately. Jefferson went to see him but we did not. He was only three foot tall." Finally Ellen has a bit of real news. "We heard lately from Aunt Virginia," she hastens to relate, " . . . that the embargo has thrown the dissipated inhabitants of Williamsburg in great confusion. The ladies say they cannot give up their tea and coffee and the gentlemen wine. . . . "

Jefferson was not slow to express his opinion of the "dissipated inhabitants of Williamsburg." On February 23, 1808, he writes:

> You give a bad account of the patriotism of the ladies of Williamsburg who are not disposed to submit to the small privations to which the embargo will subject them. I hope this will not be general, and that principle and prudence will induce us all to return to the good old plan of manufacturing within our families most of the articles needed. I can assure you that we never lived so comfortably as while we were reduced to this system formerly. . . . I expect it will not be long before you will spin me a dimity waistcoat. . . .

Ellen is appalled by this idea. She replies three days later: "I fear I shall never be able to spin you a dimity waistcoat for I cannot now even spin candlewick, although I could do it once it has been three years since I have spun any. . . . "

Ellen presently proposes that she write her grandfather by every post, and that he write her every month. She is true to her agreement, and during 1808 the letters become very numerous,

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faithfully chronicling the health of the family and of the bantams who have taken up their residence in the cellar. Often the letters are rather prosy and always they are very long. Nevertheless, we frequently catch amusing glimpses of her life and of the genesis of a Virginia gentleman. "James is a sweet little fellow," she writes, "speaks quite well and has really grown handsome. He things of nothing but guns, horses and dogs. . . . " Speaking of the proposed visit of her seven-year-old cousin, she says: "The children are much pleased at the thought of seeing Francis next summer. I think James is a little like him. Does he curse as much as he used to do formerly?"

As the year goes on the letters become more and more interesting, and it is easy to see that Jefferson comes to rely on Ellen for the execution of many small commissions. She writes him in detail of the progress of the buildings at Monticello, of the garden and its condition, and when the wine was bottled. Jefferson answers her regularly, patiently, and in his usual kindly manner, often ending with "to yourself I am all love." Once he advises her to read Mme. de Sevigné's letters and form her style on them; Ellen conscientiously retorts with four pages of "style."

The last letter of Ellen's childhood is a short note dated January 26, 1809, which she concludes in her usual charming manner: "You must pardon this letter so full of mistakes, for it is written by candle light. I have been writing almost all day."

With Jefferson's retirement to Monticello in March, 1809, these childhood letters come to an end. Mrs. Randolph removed to her father's estate to preside over the establishment, and Ellen came into more intimate association with her beloved grandfather. In later letters she has left an account of the contented years of Jefferson's retirement, which, to use her own phrase, but "repeat the same tale of love and kindness." "From him seemed to flow all the pleasures of my life," she writes.

In 1824 something occurred which threatened to bring to an end Ellen's companionship with her grandfather. Prominent among the many visitors to Monticello in that year was the rich and charming young Bostonian, Joseph Coolidge, Jr. A fortnight's visit, as he himself confesses, sufficed for him to fall a

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victim to "the many valuable qualities of Miss Randolph." The quaint and formal letter in which he asks Jefferson "the sanction of your approval" is still preserved, the elegant blue paper and exquisitely written lines betraying the importance of his request:

My dear Sir,

I have delayed to express the gratification which my visit to Monticello, during the last spring gave me, until called upon to ask you for further kindness. During the fortnight which I passed so agreeably in your family, the many valuable qualities of Miss Randolph made an impression upon me which, at parting, I did not attempt to conceal. I confessed to Mrs. Randolph the interest her daughter had inspired. But want of sufficient knowledge of my character was an objection to forming an engagement which involved the happiness of life; and my own judgement acquiesced in a delay which, though painful to my feelings, permitted something more to be known of myself and the family than could be learned from the letters I had presented: permission to write occasionally was however granted me, and the correspondence which followed has perhaps assisted in showing us something of each other's character; it has certainly confirmed the high opinion I had formed of Miss Randolph's heart and understanding. Several months have elapsed: my friends have given their full consent; and I now ask of you Sir, permission to return to Monticello, that my own character may become better known, by longer personal intercourse.

The visit I am about to make does not involve Miss Randolph in any positive or implied engagement:—should she see fit to decline all connection but that of friendship, I should think less well of myself, but not of her: if she consent, after further acquaintance, to gratify my dearest wish, may I not hope, Sir, for the sanction of your approval?

I do not presume that you now hear, for the first time, of my attachment to a member of your family; but respect and gratitude alike forbid me to ask again the protection of your roof without confessing the true motive of my visit. Apart from the interest which I feel in you, Sir, as the cherished relation of one who, under every circumstance, will be dear to me, may I not be permitted to assure you of my individual, unfeigned regard?

J. Coolidge Jr.

Boston:
October 13, 1824.
Thomas Jefferson, Esq^re.

Jefferson's draught of his reply, with its many interlineations and scorings, mutely testifies to his affection for his granddaughter and his anxiety for her happiness:

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Monticello, Oct. 24, '24.

Dear Sir,

I should not have delayed a single day the answer to your interesting and acceptable letter of the 13th inst. but that it found me suffering severely from an imposthume under the jaw. . . . I avail myself of the first moment of my ability to take up a pen to assure you that nothing could be more welcome to me than the visit proposed, or its object. During the stay you were so kind as to make with us, my opportunities were abundant of seeing and estimating the merit of your character insomuch as to need no further enquiry from others. Nor did the family leave me uninformed of the attachment which seemed to be forming towards my granddaughter Ellen. I learnt it with pleasure, because from what I believed of your, and knew of her, extraordinary moral qualifications, I was satisfied no two minds could be formed better compounded to make each other happy. I hold the same sentiment now that I receive the information from yourself, and assure you that no union could give me greater satisfaction, if your wishes prove mutual, and your friends consenting. . . .

Your visit to Monticello and at the time of your own convenience will be truly welcome, and your stay whatever may suit yourself under any views of friendship or connection. My gratification will be measured by the time of its continuance.

TH. JEFFERSON.

Ellen's marriage on the 25th of May, 1825, and her removal to Boston, did not deprive Jefferson of her solicitude and love during the last year of his life. Frequent gifts and a constant interchange of letters bear witness to Ellen's thoughtful devotion. None of these better expresses the spiritual union of the venerable statesman and his playmate than the first letter from her new home. "One of my first cares," she writes, "is . . . to thank you for all the kindness I have received from you, & for all the affection you have shewn me, from my infancy & childhood, throughout the course of my maturer years: the only return I can make is by gratitude the deepest and most enduring and love the most devoted; and although removed by fortune to a distance from you, yet my heart is always with you."

MARIE KIMBALL.

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THE ECONOMIC SIGNIFICANCE OF FORESTRY

BY GIFFORD PINCHOT

WHILE I was a student of forestry in the French Forest School at Nancy, there reached me a magazine from home in which one of the leaders of the scientific thought of his day, a public servant of most distinguished achievement, described a forest fire. He told how he had laid his camp fire against the bole of a giant tree, and how the flames, rising along its trunk, jumped from it to other trees, until a great forest conflagration went roaring off through miles of mountain timberland in the heart of the Rockies. What struck him was the beauty of the fire, and nowhere in the whole account was there the slightest indication of compunction or regret for the huge destruction he had caused.

His attitude was typical of his time. Today few men of thought, and none of light and leading, think lightly of forest fires. Yet the forest problem of the United States is far more pressing now than when a leader in science rejoiced over the incidental beauty of forest destruction, and the solution is far more distant, and more difficult to reach, than it was then.

In the matter of our supplies of forest products, we Americans are faced by a set of facts and a problem which, in gravity and far-reaching control over our immediate and remoter future, take their place fairly alongside the issues which center about the League of Nations. The essential fact is that we are not only destroying our forest supplies far more rapidly than they are being reproduced, but also—what is much more to the point—that we are using up the productive capacity of our forest lands. Not only is there less wood year by year and day by day in the United States, but there is less land growing wood. We are living beyond our income and destroying our invested capital at the same time.

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We are nearly bankrupt, and do not know it. Because there has always been wood enough to go round, we have placidly assumed that there always would be. Unfortunately, the facts are against us.

It is true that we have made progress. Forestry in America has come to mean something more than the planting of trees in yards, streets, and schoolgrounds. It is true that we are leaving behind that phase of public opinion which believed that we could somehow compensate for the destruction of the forests on thousands or millions of acres by the planting of trees on tens or hundreds. We hear less of the influence of the forest on climate and health, and more of the need for wood. Even the discussion of the effect of the forest in producing rain, and controlling the flow of springs and streams, has been largely replaced by more immediate and practical considerations. Forestry has become a problem to be taken seriously, but as yet its real economic significance is little appreciated and less understood.

We are coming to realize that wood is the most universal of all materials, that without wood all production would be impossible, transportation a dream, and business dead.

Iron, coal, oil, and wood are the four basic materials upon which modern civilization rests, and of these the most widely employed and undoubtedly the most indispensable is wood. So far as wood is concerned, the human race is still very much in the same position it has occupied since before the dawn of recorded history. No need of body or mind can be met, no instant of our lives can be passed in comfort or well being, without something that only the forest can supply. Nothing we eat or use or wear can be produced, transported, or consumed without the help of the forest. We never could and cannot now get on without it.

When iron is put to use, whatever percentage may be consumed and disappear, there is still an important salvage and re-use. Coal and oil, once utilized, are gone for good, but provision has been made in the recent Coal and Oil Leasing Bill, passed at the last session of Congress, for preventing waste and prolonging the life of our supplies, at least such of them as are still in the public lands. Timber, the one renewable resource of the four, is being destroyed (and not renewed) more rapidly than ever.

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This statement is true, notwithstanding the fact that National Forests to the extent of 150 million acres, and State forests to the extent of less than five million, have been set aside and their power to produce has been saved for good. Public forests contain but one-fifth of our timber, and can never be expected to yield much more than one-fifth of our necessary supplies.

Before proceeding to touch upon the actual situation of our timber and timbered lands, it may be well to say a word about wood substitutes. In the first place, the use of a substitute almost invariably means the employment of a less satisfactory material at a higher price. In the second place, the increase of our population and industry more than keeps pace with the development of substitutes, so that, for example, more wood is used in building construction than when all houses were built of wood, more for shipbuilding than when there were no iron ships. The use of substitutes does not decrease the consumption of wood in any great line of industry.

The essential facts in our forest situation are these: Three-fifths of the timber we once had in the United States is gone. Over two-thirds of our original forest area has been culled, cut-over, or burned. Of our virgin forests, one-sixth remains. Out of about 825 million acres of original forest, we have left today less than 140 million acres of virgin timber, about 110 million acres of cull and second growth timber big enough to saw, and about 130 million acres partly stocked with smaller growth. More than eighty million acres have been devastated, and, so far as production is concerned, are practically desert.

Of the merchantable timber yearly cut or destroyed, about three-quarters is taken from the virgin forests which still remain —about one-quarter from second growth. The cut of every class of timber exceeds the growth. Even the young trees too small for the saw are being cut three and one-half times faster than they are being reproduced. Taken together, we are cutting wood of all kinds from our forests more than four times faster than it is being replaced by growth.

The foregoing are official figures presented in reply to a resolution of the Senate by the United States Forest Service on June 1, 1920.

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The United States must grow its own timber, or go without. Within a time perilously short in the life of a nation, and well within the active life of men now in affairs, the timber supply of the United States threatens to reach such a point of exhaustion as to compel the abandonment or reorganization of a controlling proportion of our industries, including manufacture, transportation, mining, and agriculture. The change may be calamitous and substantially complete, unless we can secure from elsewhere the wood absolutely indispensable to our present methods of doing business, and which our own forests will no longer be able to yield.

Can we look to the rest of the world for material help when American forests fail? To our very serious danger, we can not.

The destruction of our timber, and of the timber-producing power of lands valuable for no other purpose, would be far less serious than it is if there were other portions of the world from which the absolutely essential lumber supply for our agriculture and industries could be obtained. From the point of view of the gigantic needs of the United States, Canada has no great supply of lumber, and has already made it plain beyond peradventure that she purposes to keep what she has for her own development. Mexico, even if the merciless exploitation of her remaining forests were permitted, could not supply us long. South America, with enormous resources of hard and heavy tropical woods, such as we use for cabinet purposes, has comparatively little suited to the needs of our industries and our people. The story is the same throughout the world. Africa, Australia, Russia, Siberia, the Philippines, and the islands of the sea offer us small relief.

Moreover, he would be a poor American who in the face of the lessons of the Great War would suggest that the United States should depend upon overseas transportation for an essential without which neither her agriculture nor her industry can survive.

We must raise what we need, or go without. Take Pennsylvania for an illustration. The industries of the Pittsburgh district alone require more timber than the total cut of the whole State. Pennsylvania, once the first timber-producing State of the Union, now cuts from her forests only one-fifth of

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her own consumption, and is reproducing in new growth only one-third of that. The industries of the State therefore can go on only because the indispensable supplies of forest products can still be secured from other States at prices not yet entirely prohibitive. When these supplies fail, as they will, or when the cost of importing lumber rises too high, the industries of Pennsylvania will pay a bitter price, and the question will be no longer whether they can prosper, but whether they can survive. In that day the decision will depend on whether or not Pennsylvania has taken in time the necessary steps to raise at home the timber she must have and cannot get elsewhere.

As with Pennsylvania, so with every other deforested or unforested State in America. The exhaustion of forest supplies will threaten and very possibly destroy the life of its agriculture or its industries. It is no more than the truth to say that the forest question is vital.

What has brought this dilemma upon us? Two things: fire and destructive lumbering. These two working together have either cut down or utterly destroyed the productive capacity of vast areas of forest lands—lands which in large proportion are valuable for nothing except to grow trees and never will be, or which at this stage of our economic development are unavailable for agriculture and must produce timber or nothing.

Like the trouble, the remedy is two-fold. We must put an end to forest fires, and we must save the productive capacity of the virgin forest lands we have left. Thus we shall give the lands which are already cut over, and those which are yet to be cut, at least a chance to serve the Commonwealth by producing wood, and we shall keep lands good for nothing else at work growing trees.

Upon the continued productive capacity of the remaining virgin lands we must chiefly depend to bridge the gap between the time when what forests we still have shall be substantially exhausted, and the time when the lands now culled, cut, burned, and devastated may be expected to recover their power to produce. This is the first problem, and the key to success in American forestry.

Sixty-one per cent of our remaining timber lies west of the

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great Plains. Half of it is in the States of Washington, Oregon, and California. By far the larger part of it is in the hands of private owners. So far has the concentration of ownership gone that one-half of the privately owned timber in the United States is already in the hands of two hundred and fifty owners, and this dangerous concentration will, in the language of the United States Forest Service, "steadily increase as timber depletion continues, approaching a natural monopoly in character, and this control will extend particularly to the diminishing supply of high-grade material."

What is needed, then, is to prevent the owners of commercially held timberlands, still uncut, from obliterating, by destructive methods of cutting, the power of their lands to keep on growing trees. For more than a quarter of a century argument and persuasion have been employed in vain. The time has come when the Nation can no longer trust to the lumbermen, who have got us into this trouble, to pull us out. We know they hold the belief that their immediate pecuniary advantage lies in forest destruction, and that (with honorable exceptions) they are living up to it in practice. We cannot safely leave to them the decision as to whether our agriculture, our industries, our transportation, and the comfort, safety, and welfare of our whole people shall be protected or shall be exposed to the unthinkable miseries which must accompany a famine of one of the basic materials of our civilization.

The lumbermen have not ceased from forest devastation, although the danger to the community has been abundantly demonstrated. They will not cease from it until they are compelled. The strong hand of the community, and nothing else, can prevent the devastation of the uncut lands which remain.

Public opinion is just awakening to the vital need for the practice of forestry on private timberlands held for commercial purposes. This awakening, far more purposeful and wide-spread than the similar stirring of public opinion which made it possible to secure the national forests, offers the most promising opportunity for progress in American forestry within my experience. There is clearly before us the chance for a great advance, an advance which may even extend within the next decade to

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the point of assuring a permanent and sufficient supply of American forest products.

The chance is here, but we have not yet made use of it. We must crystallize this invaluable public opinion behind a policy wise enough and strong enough to make us independent for good and all of timber supplies from other countries. Our success in doing so will depend on two or three essentials in the policy behind which the forces of forest conservation elect to throw their strength. The first of these is that we must work with and not against the underlying trend of the times. The second is that we must present a policy which can be adopted, and which, when adopted, will produce results.

The policy we decide on must be submitted for the approval of Congress, a national body whose members are necessarily governed not only by the interests of the Nation at large, but more particularly by the interests of the individual States which they represent.

The essential facts in the lumber situation so far as the selection of a national forest policy is concerned are three: first, the United States is not self-supporting in timber, but is consuming its forest capital four times faster than that capital is being renewed; second, not only timber but the productive capacity of timberlands is being destroyed; third, the great majority of the States are unable to supply their own needs for wood, but must rely upon the forest resources of other States. Therefore, the agriculture and industries of most of the States are dependent for their essential supplies of lumber on forests outside of their own boundaries. As to a majority of our Commonwealths, this condition will be permanent.

It may be taken as basic, therefore, that the majority of the States, containing the larger proportion of the American people, will be permanently dependent for their prosperity on timber supplies produced outside of the boundaries of the States in which they are consumed. That being so, the balance of power in Congress as between the forested and the deforested or unforested States, is a consideration of vital importance in the formulation, and still more in the enactment, of a national forest policy.

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Entirely apart from partisan considerations, certain facts as to the recent election have great importance in this regard. On March 4th next the weight of power in our Government will pass from the States that are predominantly exporters of lumber to the States that are predominantly importers of lumber; from a group of States whose principal business aside from agriculture is lumbering, to a group of States whose principal business aside from agriculture is manufacturing.

Under the new order, therefore, the States whose vital industries depend on lumber grown in other States will hold the balance of power. Of the States which have just gone Republican, three-quarters are importers of wood. Moreover, the chairmanships of the committees on agriculture and appropriations in House and Senate are now and during the next Congress will be held by men from lumber-importing States—not only so, but the great majority of the members of each committee is and will be from States whose industries would perish without lumber from beyond their own borders.

What is true of the membership of these two committees is true of Congress as a whole. In the consideration of what can or can not, as well as what should or should not, be included in a forest policy for the whole Nation, these facts obviously require consideration.

Two forms of national forest policy for preventing forest devastation are before the country for consideration: one that of direct national control, the other that of State control under national persuasion. One may be said to be that of the lumber-producing States, the other that of the lumber-consuming States —one that of the lumberman, the other that of the lumber consumer.

Under the State control plan, the National Government would endeavor to induce the States, by sharing their expenses, to enact and enforce legislation to prevent forest devastation on privately held commercial timber lands, such legislation and its enforcement to conform to standards fixed by the National Government under the law. Since within ten years the Southern States will no longer be able to export lumber but will produce only enough for their own needs, the State control plan means

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leaving agriculture, industry, and transportation in the timber-importing States at the mercy of the Legislatures of those states from which must come the principal lumber supplies of all the other States for perhaps a generation.

It has never been impossible for the lumbermen of these states, when their vital interests so required, to dominate their legislatures sufficiently to bring about the protection of their own interests. If, then, their interests should run counter to the interests of the rest of the people of the United States, as it needs no long vision to realize that they would, then, under the State control plan, the remaining States would be helpless to do more than suggest and beg, while the industrial domination of our whole people in a great essential would pass to those in whose hands remained the indispensable supplies.

More specifically, it means leaving this prodigious power over the rest of us to the two hundred and fifty owners who already control half the privately held timber in the United States, or to the still smaller number that, with the increasing degree of control "exercised by a comparatively small number of large interests approaching a natural monopoly in character," will dominate the lumber industry, and through it the Legislatures, of these three great lumber States.

The proposal of the lumbermen amounts to this: Leave it to us. What they want is what they have now—no control at all. But if control of some sort is unavoidable, then State control, for nothing would be easier than to block or denature action by the law-making bodies of the lumber States. Thus State control and no control would amount to the same thing.

The outstanding fact is that here is a question not of control by the Nation or by the States, but a question of national control or no control at all.

Moreover, it is difficult to imagine that certain states will contribute their money through Federal appropriations, and then sit calmly by and trust to the legislatures and State forces of others for the enactment and application of measures to assure to the farmers of the Middle West and the workers of the industrial East the timber supplies they must have to earn their living. The mere statement of the situation is enough to show

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that State control, even if it were desirable, is altogether out of reach.

Forest devastation is a national, interstate problem with which only the Federal Government can deal. National control will increase, not diminish, the value, importance, and extent of the work of every State Forest Department, and immeasurably advance the cause of forestry in every State as well as in the Nation at large.

The National Forest Service, with its practical and successful experience in the decentralization and localization of forest administration, can make certain, as separate State administrations naturally could not, of uniform fairness to all the private interests in all the States concerned. Under its supervision, an intelligent, clean, stable, and thoroughly democratic control would be assured. What is needed is the continuous, consistent, enduring, nation-wide plan which the United States Forest Service alone can lay down, and which the Federal Government alone has sufficient power to enforce.

Under the national plan the Federal Government would control the harvesting of commercial forest crops. That would involve the prevention of destructive lumbering, protection of young growth already on the ground, simple measures for securing natural reforestation, and slash disposal on the cut-over land. All this is a part of the lumbering.

What is desired is neither more nor less than is now taking place with entire success upon the National Forests. Conditions would thus be favorable for forest perpetuation, and the lands would be made less susceptible to fire. When the lumbering was over, Federal control would cease, and the Federal agents would move on. There would be no Federal organization to fight fire.

The State, for its part, would begin where the Nation left off. It would protect against fire not only forested lands, but also cut-over lands, and lands in process of being logged. The Federal Government would see to it that cut-over lands were left in safe condition, the State would keep them safe. The division is plain and the plan workable. With increased appropriations from the Federal Government, to be used according to a specified plan, fire protection by the States would become efficient.

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Under the national plan, the Federal Government would undertake what the State forest organizations never have done and, in my judgment as State Forester of Pennsylvania, never can accomplish.

The question has been raised whether or not Constitutional authority exists for national control of our national lumber supply. Lawyers in whose judgment I have confidence tell me that in the Oleomargarine decision, in the principle of the Weeks' Law as applied to forests and navigable streams, and in various other ways, such authority exists and can be found. No one can know with certainty until the Supreme Court has spoken.

In the present case, few consumers of lumber (and that means all of us) will consent to entrust the future of our lumber supply to the decision of a handful of lumbermen, who have already organized with intelligent thoroughness in an effort to keep and make use of the commanding hold over the consumer which they exercised during and after the War.

There are, naturally, other items of consequence in a national policy designed to meet and solve the very serious timber problem which confronts this nation. But there is none which compares in immediate importance with the question whether a few lumbermen, or the Nation at large, shall control our future by controlling our supply of the most universal of the basic materials of modern civilization.

GIFFORD PINCHOT.

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ALCOHOLISM, PROHIBITION AND BEYOND

BY PEARCE BAILEY, M.D.

It has always been difficult for a physician to square his conscience in opposing any measures which gave even a faint promise of doing away with such evils as alcohol is responsible for. It has been especially difficult for one whose practice and experience have been such as mine.

As a student of Kraepelin, the most scientific and original of alcohol's enemies, I learned, years ago, how indisputable are the proofs, experimental and others, which show that alcohol, even in small quantities, impairs temporarily the finer intellectual qualities; and thirty years of special practice in a "wet" city like New York have made me only too familiar with every phase of the havoc that the abuse of alcohol plays with the mind. And who has lived thirty years anywhere without having had brought home to him, to his head and his heart, the wastage that drinking brings about? Without having seen it either in his own family or among his friends and their children? Without having personal knowledge of the accidents, crimes, unhappy homes and poverty that go along with it?

But in spite of all the facts, I could never convince myself that legislating alcohol out of existence was the best means of meeting the problem; certainly not before restrictive measures, especially as to time and place of sale of intoxicants, had been given a fair trial. In the first place I always knew, although not as well as I know now, that alcohol is not responsible for all the crimes in the calendar, although all are imputed to it; and in the second place, it seemed to me a risky experiment to wrench out of existence abruptly, on a set date, any substance which for centuries has been so fixed in human customs as alcohol has. For it is, after all, a sacramental symbol of religion, a part of the ceremonies connected with marriage, birth and death, and of many of the

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celebrations which stir and unite people's souls. It seemed psychologically impossible for a radical operation like that to take place without an extremely unwholesome reaction. What the reaction will be,—social unrest, criminalism, resort to drugs—no one knows. When laws get too blue, it is said, vice is not obliterated but is merely thrust under ground for a time. Perhaps this whole matter will eventuate as one of those "phantom" operations in which no operation is performed really, although the patient's mind is relieved by the operation having been gone through with in appearance.

It would seem that a change in the Constitution for the purpose of improving our morals could only have been justified on the ground that the thing legislated against was not only the nation's most immediate moral peril, but a peril that was becoming more threatening.

Now the evidence is that drunkenness has been decreasing rather than increasing. There are far fewer drunken men to be seen on the streets nowadays, and certain statistics compiled by Dr. H. M. Pollock of the New York State Hospital Commission show that alcoholism in New York State at least, has been fading away in recent years.

Alcoholic insanity, which results from years of inveterate drinking, may be regarded as an index of the amount of intemperance in a community. The percentage of these cases among the first admissions to the State Hospitals of New York has steadily fallen from 10.8% in 1909, to 5.6% in 1915. During the next five years ending June 30th, 1920, there was a further decline to 1.9%. During the nine years, 1909–1917, when alcoholic insanity was decreasing, there was no decrease of the insanity rate in the State, but on the contrary an increase. From 1917 to 1920, there was a slight decrease in the number of admissions, but the present insanity rate is still higher than it was in 1909. These statistics do not stand by themselves, but are corroborated by those which record the percentage of intemperate habits among first admissions. Of these, the percentage reported as using alcohol to excess was in 1909, 28.7%, in 1916, 18.5%, in 1920, 12.2%.

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But what more than anything else convinced me that the emotional energy which resulted in the Eighteenth Amendment might better have been expended in other directions, are certain fundamentals coming to light as the results of the first country-wide health survey recently entailed by the mobilization. These results show that things far more deadly than alcohol undermine our national peace and morality, and that it is against them, first of all, that reconstructive efforts should be directed. Many of the facts to be presented in this paper are new, and were not available before prohibition became an assured fact. Before presenting them, as they concern national degeneracy, a word must be said as to what causes a race to fail to attain its maximum achievement, and, failing that, to decline.

The dream of enforced prohibition is a new, regenerate race; but, being a dream, it proceeds before having arrived at a real understanding of what causes a race to degenerate. Degeneration is a loose term at best, but may be defined as a racial weakness in physique and morale which becomes progressive through heredity. Alcohol by itself does not bring it about. If it did we would find that Great Britain and France, where the per capita consumption of absolute alcohol is considerably greater than with us, would be more degenerate than we are. Recent events do not sustain such a theory. As far as physique is concerned, pathologists, while they realize that alcohol favors the development of certain diseases and makes others worse, are becoming more and more chary about naming it as the sole cause of any physical disease; and the statistics to be presented in this article show conclusively that, so far as the military strength of the nation is concerned, the direct physical injury done by alcohol is practically negligible.

Morale is a question of mental states, and the quality of these states is shown in feeling and manifested in behavior. It is still to be shown that hard-drinking countries are deficient in those mental qualities which produce patriotism, efficiency, progressiveness; and on the other hand, those peoples—Buddhists, Mohammedans, Brahmins, Hindus, pledged to total abstinence by their religious creeds—have contributed little to the material progress of the world. Lowered morale evinces itself in discour-

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agement, depression and inactivity, and, when organizations are concerned, in disloyalty. All this is contrary to the native tendencies of the bulk of mankind. Man is optimistic by nature, and when, without immediate, tangible cause, his optimism fails him, when his morale declines, the abnormal should always be looked for to explain it. The pathological factors most easily identified in the decline of morale are the nervous disorders, constitutional for the most part, which impair the functions of the mind and the stability of the character. Among these disorders are insanity, mental deficiency, nervous diseases and their borderline types. The statistics upon which this paper is based show that in every thousand physically sound American young men of a given age period, there are twenty too much invalided from such nervous causes to be soldiers, while there is less than one unfit from alcohol.

Through heredity, alcohol is rated high as a degeneration-inducing factor, but wherever it appears as such, other factors in degeneration are apt to be present. A considerable proportion of vagabonds who drink are feebleminded or epileptic, or came into the world strongly predisposed to insanity. The history of inebriety in the forebears of drug addicts and alcoholics is high,—60 to 80%. But inebriety as a family taint is less frequently encountered in epilepsy and insanity than a history of nervous and mental disease. The idea that drunkards are primarily predisposed individuals must have been in Voltaire's mind when he said "*Qui se donne un maître est né d'en avoir un.*"

A hereditarily defective nervous system, however, does not make a man drink of necessity. Mental defectives are born such, but they are not conspicuous as users of alcohol; and the American negro who carries about the average burden of neurotic heredity does not become alcoholic.

The entrance examinations of the Army, 1917–1919, have shown that for certain age-periods, chronic alcoholism is at the bottom of the list of those diseases and abnormal states in which heredity is most evident, and which, independently of economic conditions, are responsible for most of the idleness, poverty and despair of the world. The disorders mentioned existed in men physically sound and otherwise acceptable for military service.

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The possibility of studying the question on a large scale was created by the foresight of the late Major General W. C. Gorgas, Surgeon General of the Army, who in July 1917 established in his office a division which throughout the war directed all matters pertaining to nervous and mental diseases, including alcoholism and drug addiction, occurring in the United States. The statistics quoted here, which will shortly be published in full as part of the medical history of the war, are chiefly derived from the activities of this division, and a word must be said at the outset as to how they were collected and tabulated.

The first thing the division did was to prepare for the examination of recruits. It secured the services of qualified specialists from all over the country, to serve under commission and contract. These special medical officers, called neuro-psychiatrists, were rapidly detailed to all points of recruitment and were in every cantonment when the first draft quotas arrived. They were recognized by commanding officers as their most reliable assistants in their subject, and soon became integral to the system of camp examinations, where all cases of nervous and mental diseases were passed on by them, either as examiners or members of or witnesses at disability boards. The results of their examinations were recorded on special forms which had been prepared for the purpose by that experienced statistician, Dr. Horatio M. Pollock. The record form provided spaces for all information desired. No option was left to the examiner who made them out, as each question was printed and could be answered by a "yes" or a "no", a cross, or at most two or three figures or words. The purpose was to eliminate individual error, to have results uniform and reducible to statistical form rapidly.

Each special officer was required to fill out a record form for each case that passed through his hands, and to forward it to the Surgeon General's Office. All records, on arrival at the Surgeon General's Office, were immediately inspected, and, when found incomplete, were returned to the camp with orders that they be corrected. From time to time, inspectors visited the camps and corrected any difficulties that might have arisen. The records in hundred-thousand lots were classified and reduced to statistical form, and finally finished in May 1919. At different

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compilations they showed remarkable agreement in essential particulars.

It is difficult to conceive how statistics which concern human beings in huge aggregations could be collected more systematically or more accurately. It was an intensive experimental inquiry into national degeneracy among men in given age periods, of which the conditions and contingencies were foreseen and provided for. The individuals who carried it out were thoroughly versed in their subject, and enthusiastic for the work they were doing. They were not swayed by sectional prejudice, and had nothing to prove, one way or another. All operated under strict orders. The work had to be done, and was done, as planned.

My personal admiration for the splendid achievements of these able and conscientious officers does not lead me to the belief that the system was 100% perfect. Some cases undoubtedly eluded their vigilance, especially during periods of extraordinary recruitment, when the labors they were called upon to perform were beyond human capacity. For example, many cases were accepted at first which should not have been accepted, but except when overseas orders followed enlistment within two or three weeks (the average training period of troops who went overseas was six months), such men were ultimately discovered, and are included in the present statistics.

Neither were the record forms complete for all the cases identified. There were 72,000 neuro-psychiatric cases identified and reported, but in about 5% the data was incomplete in one or more particulars, owing to defects in mail, records lost, officers suddenly transferred, etc.

The statistics as to alcoholism concern only those in whom steady drinking had resulted in a chronic intoxication profound enough to have constituted a disabling condition. Thus, as used here, the term "chronic alcoholism" implies more than intemperance; the term "alcoholic," more than a drinking man. An "alcoholic," in the sense of the Army, was a man who had become so disabled through alcohol that the Army, for the most part, did not consider it a profitable undertaking to reconstruct him. It did, as a matter of fact, accept ten per cent of alcoholics, either for treatment or for some duty; but ninety per cent were recom-

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mended for rejection or discharge. These were identified almost immediately—71.6% within one month, 85% within six months. How many intemperate men were accepted for service and made good under the conditions of it, we have no means of knowing; we only know the number of those whose habits had brought about disabilities incompatible with the bearing of arms.

Neither do we know how many of the men who went overseas became alcoholic under the less stringent regulations as to alcohol which prevailed in France. We know that the number could not have been large, however, as the hospital at Savenay, through which all cases invalided home passed, did not find it necessary to keep statistics as to alcoholism, as it did for conditions like insanity which were frequent.

At the military points of enrollment—viz.: at recruit depots and camps—there were 2150 recommendations for rejection or discharge for alcoholism and alcoholic insanity. To estimate the total of unfit alcoholics for the entire mobilization it is necessary first to add to this number the total rejections at local boards as reported by the Provost Marshal General. The Provost Marshal General did not distinguish between alcoholism and drug addiction, but grouped these together under the term inebriety in a sum of 2007. If one may assume that of this 2007, 1050 were alcoholics, the grand total of alcoholics, of approximately 3,500,000 men examined, would be 3200 or less than 0.1%, or less than one in every thousand.

This number is astonishingly small, far below any estimate that the present writer had made himself, or had heard made by others. It is so small, in fact, that it at once creates the belief that alcoholism occurring among soldiers as young as ours were, must be less frequent than when observed in a population containing older men; that the army contained alcoholics in the making, too young to be so actually, but who, given time and opportunity, would become so.

Such a possibility receives certain support in two ways. First, from the present statistics, it appears that the average age of alcoholism was above the average age of recruits; and second, that a relatively long period of drinking is necessary for the development of alcoholism.

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The age distributions of alcoholics were as follows:

	Per Cent
Under 20 years	0.7
20 to 24 "	8.0
25 to 29 "	29.1
30 to 34 "	36.0
35 and over	26.2

According to an estimate based on a preliminary report of the Provost Marshal General of registrants in Class 1 between the ages of 21 and 29, 62% were below 25 years of age and 38% were above. Thus, nearly two-thirds of the registrants of Class 1 were at an age when alcoholism was infrequent as per above table. As a matter of fact, the alcoholics were much older than any other neuro-psychiatric patients. For example, while 36% of them were between 30 and 34 years, only 13.3% of the drug addicts had attained that age period. They had been drinkers for long periods, 82.5% having a history of indulgence for more than five years, 13.7% for from one to five years. Only four of the total number gave the date of beginning as since entering the service.

These two considerations limit to a certain extent the possibility of inferring from these statistics how frequent alcoholism is among male adults in the country as a whole, but not as much as at first sight appears. The reason for this is that while the majority of the alcoholics of the Army were above the average age of the draft, approximately half of them were not drafted men, but volunteers, a group averaging older than the draft age. This excess of alcoholism among volunteers confirms previous experiences. Applicants for enlistment have always had a high percentage of intemperate men among them. As a class, drinkers are easily swayed by appeals to the emotions, easily aroused by music, easily diverted from a none too straight path by the sight of such a stirring symbol as flutters outside of recruiting offices. They grasp at chances to make good, and, not greatly checked by the bonds that hold others back, flock to the Army, partly from idealism, partly because they realize that they are not making good, and the Army offers a fair fighting chance.

If the volunteers were excluded, the alcoholics disclosed by the draft examinations, 1261, leaves a number so small that when one

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considers that 2,750,000 draft examinations were made, there is small room for doubt that alcoholism in this country is not, per se, a serious menace to the health of young men. This is true, even if only one-third of the draft had reached the age most favorable for the development of alcoholism.

This would seem to establish a new knowledge in relation to the extent of pernicious drinking in this country. In temperance campaigns, statistics drawn from countries other than our own are often made use of as applying to us. For example, Helenius quotes statistics to show that in England and Wales one-third of the population are drinkers before twenty years of age. The present statistics show the absurdity of applying any such figures to the United States.

The present statistics attain their highest degree of accuracy when they deal exclusively with neuro-psychiatric conditions which have been referred to as the chief factors in degeneracy, without reference to outside considerations such as troop strength, etc. There are complete analyses of 69,394 neuro-psychiatric cases divided up into nine different groups. Of these groups the highest was mental deficiency with 21,858 cases, or 31.5%; and the next to the lowest was alcoholism with 2150 cases, or 3.1%. Alcoholism was approximately ten times less frequent than mental defect, which is the index of a people's stupidity, six times less frequent than neurasthenia and allied disorders which more than any others create apprehension and idleness, four times less frequent than insanity, three times less frequent than epilepsy. The rejections of those individuals, who, though not feeble-minded, are unstable, undependable, have scant idea of right, and have never learned the meaning of obligation, exceeded those of alcoholics by nearly 4000. These persons, half psychopathic, half criminal,—drawn to the life by St. John Ervine in the hero of *Jane Clegg*,—are the greatest menace to the Army, as they are to the peace of a civil community. There were a few less cases of drug addiction than of alcoholism.

For the purpose of aiding the reader by offering him a standard of comparison, the facts concerning alcoholism, the most talked about of neuro-psychiatric conditions, will be contrasted with those of mental deficiency, the most frequent and least talked about.

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A word must be said here as to what mental deficiency is, as even the most intelligent people rarely realize what it means.

A mental defective is one who cannot get along by himself very well, because his brain has never developed. Whatever his age may be, his mind remains that of a child, and, like a child, he needs constant supervision, constant example. Without it he is sure to make trouble for himself or for others. In the schools he does not get on, and so drops behind his class or is turned out and then may be found asleep in the hayloft or leaning up against the town pump. In social life he is the chameleon, taking on the color of his environment. In good homes, he follows, for the most part, the same moral conduct as that of his parents. In disrupted evil homes, or where he has no home at all, he becomes the petty offender, the thief, the boy who sets houses on fire. He is everyone's tool, the dupe of the predatory classes, the stool pigeon for crooks, the prostitute not clever enough to elude the police. The social difficulties created by mental defectives concern the higher grades or morons. The idiot is no problem at all, except in the matter of custodial care. The morons are the real trouble-makers, as at first they easily pass for merely dull people. In the neuro-psychiatric examinations, the higher grades, with reasonably good records, were accepted. Consequently the number of mental defectives actually rejected is far below the actual number in the draft. For example, concerning a hundred privates who arrived at an embarkation camp, fully enlisted and supposedly ready for overseas service with a hospital unit, the Commanding Officer of the Unit wrote as follows: "Of the one hundred enlisted men, eleven are unable to read or write or sign their name to the payroll; twenty-one can sign their name, but are unable to read or write and are ignorant, illiterate and mentally dull; three have been transferred from this unit as imbeciles." Such were the men detailed by necessity to take care of our sick and wounded in France!

The general opinion that alcoholism and mental deficiency go hand in hand, that the drunkard is defective and that the simpleton eventually fills a drunkard's grave; that both combine together to bring about the poverty and misery of the indigent classes, finds little support from these examinations of the Army.

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The two conditions operate separately for the most part, and no two conditions which limit the normal function of the human mind are further apart in their clinical and social characteristics. Only nine per cent of the mental defectives of the Army gave a history of intemperance, and forty per cent were abstinent. Mental defect preponderates in rural communities (73%). Nowadays it is the more enterprising who quit the farm for the factory—the more sluggish stay at home to intermarry and to interbreed. Alcoholics are rovers, as is shown by their giving a history of venereal disease more frequently than any other neuro-psychiatric class, except drug addicts,[1] and by having double the number of divorces among them. In mental deficiency there is a 53.7% history of neuropathic heredity, as compared with 39.7% in alcoholism. In education, alcoholics compare favorably with normal soldiers, while with the defectives the comparison is as follows:

	Alcoholics	*Mental Defectives*
No education	4.8%	41.1%
Grades	84.4	58.0
High School	8.4	.5
College	2.2	.1
Others	0.2	.3

Mental deficiency was found associated with alcoholism less frequently (6.8%) than with any other neuro-psychiatric conditions and glandular trouble with the exception of drug addiction.

The great social differences between alcoholism and mental deficiency come to view when the statistics of different localities are compared. From the total of the neuro-psychiatric diagnoses, there was established a distribution-rate for the United States and for individual States for each of the nine different neuro-psychiatric groups. The United States distribution-rate, among whites, was 3.5% for alcoholism and 29.2% for mental deficiency. That is, of all cases of nervous and mental disorders among whites from all over the country, 3.5% were alcoholic, and 29.2% were mentally defective. How any individual State compared, in respect to any particular disorder, with the country-wide average, is quickly determined by comparing that State's

[1] Alcohol has heretofore been credited as the chief extraneous factor in the spread of venereal disease.

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distribution rate for that disorder with the rate for the United States. When such comparisons are made it appears that alcoholism and mental deficiency, while not mutually exclusive, do not flourish in greatest abundance in the same communities and peoples. In the States where one exceeds the United States rate, the other sinks below it. For example, there were 19 States which exceeded the average 29.2% rate for mental deficiency, and not one of these exceeded the 3.5% alcohol rate. Of these 19 States, 9 exceeded the 29.2% rate by more than 10%, and all of these fell far below the United States alcohol rate.

Table showing 9 States which exceeded the U. S. rate of 29.2% for mental deficiency by more than 10% and which fell below the U. S. rate of 3.5% for alcoholism.[1]

	Mental Deficiency U. S. Average 29.2%	*Alcoholism* U. S. Average 3.5%
Arkansas	43.7%	0.2%
Kentucky	41.4	2.9
Maine	51.5	2.5
Maryland	44.9	3.0
New Mexico	41.4	0.9
North Carolina	46.7	0.7
South Carolina	43.4	1.1
Tennessee	43.0	0.8
Virginia	45.5	1.0

There were 17 States which exceeded the average U. S. 3.5% rate for alcoholism, and none of these exceeded the United States mental deficiency rate.

The apparent antagonism between alcoholism and mental deficiency observable in the different States, is carried out without exception in the different races. No one of the eighteen races classified which exceeded the average 29.2% rate for mental deficiency failed to fall below the 3.5% average rate for alcoholism. For example, there were no cases of alcoholism found among Mexicans, who contributed 257 cases of mental deficiency. The Greeks had 67 cases of mental deficiency and only six cases of alcoholism.

[1] The distribution-rate is given only as to whites, inasmuch as the negroes have so few alcoholics and such an excess of mental defectives. This table shows the lack of foundation for the frequent statement that the high incidence rate of mental defect in certain Southern States is due to the negro population. Also, Maine, the leader in mental defect, had no negro mental defectives.

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Table showing 17 States which exceeded the United States rate of 3.5% for alcoholism, and fell below the United States rate of 29.2% for mental deficiency.

	Alcoholism U. S. *Average* 3.5%	*Mental Deficiency* U. S. *Average* 29.2%
Arizona	5.0%	15.0%
California	6.0	22.0
Connecticut	5.7	26.7
Delaware	8.7	22.8
Illinois	7.0	19.9
Massachusetts	8.8	25.7
Minnesota	4.9	22.2
Montana	3.7	16.7
Nevada	18.3	18.3
New Hampshire	4.4	27.7
New Jersey	3.6	27.5
New York	4.3	19.9
Pennsylvania	6.0	27.0
Rhode Island	7.2	29.2
Wisconsin	3.9	27.0
Wyoming	7.8	21.8
District of Columbia	3.7	16.1

Following the same method of neuro-psychiatric totals as has just been employed, six out of 13 classified foreign born, namely: Canadian, Dutch, Swiss, Irish, Scandinavian, English Scotch and Welsh, exceeded the 3.5% United States rate for alcoholism. In all of these foreign-born the distribution of mental deficiency was below the United States rate of 29.2%, the rate for the Irish being 28.4% and for the English Scotch Welsh 9.3%. Conversely, the foreign-born with an excess of mental deficiency without exception fell below the 3.5% alcohol rate.

The antagonism between alcoholism and mental defect is brought out with special emphasis in the statistics concerning negroes. Alcoholism among negroes practically did not exist. There were only 29 cases in all, too small a number to justify any deductions as to the general characteristics of alcoholism in the African race. But the number of negro mental defectives was 4055.

While generalizations from statistics are always perilous, it seems as though the evident antagonism between mental defect and alcoholism might admit of some such explanation as the following:

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It may be assumed that a relatively high percentage of mental defect in a community lowers the level of general intelligence in that community for the following reasons. For each person in a community who presents a pronounced degree of mental defect (say a mental age of or below that of a child of eight years, which was the standard test for rejection in the army), there are at least ten who, while perhaps not definitely classifiable as feeble-minded, are sluggish, backward and dull. (See Terman, *The Measurement of Intelligence.*) Thus a community with, let us say, 20 defectives per 1000 population, is worse off, from the point of view of intelligence, than at first sight appears. For, in addition to its actual defectives, it would have 200 backward persons per 1000, whereas a community with 10 defectives per 1000 would have only 100 backward persons per 1000, and would have 100 more per 1000 of persons of good average intelligence than the other.

There would be a tendency for communities to show, in greater or less degree, other things being equal, a behavior reflecting the degree of mental defect distributed in them. That is, communities with a high degree of mental defect would tend to exhibit more of the characteristics of defectiveness than communities with low degrees of mental defect. In these former we should look for the tendencies to have no large cities and not to be alcoholic. In addition, we should expect to find in them, as compared with the country at large, a greater communal immaturity and credulity, a facility in following the propaganda of leaders,[1] and a backwardness in meeting the problems which demand thought and vision and outlays for distant but important results. On the other hand, communities which fall below the average for mental defect would show more restlessness, initiative, progressiveness, originality. They would be endowed with an excess of energy and would seek artificial outlets for it, alcohol among them. It may be that alcoholism is the price they must pay for their superior endowments.

It seems evident that the means of securing for a nation those

[1] Since the days of the erratic temperance orator, John B. Gough, Maine has been conspicuous in prohibition in the Eastern States. It is interesting to note that there were 22.23 mental defectives per 1000 draftees from Maine, as compared with 9.24 per 1000 draftees from New York. (See *Defects in Drafted Men*, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., 1919, page 101.)

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qualities of progressiveness which it most needs to keep its place in the world, are the means which will raise the general average of its intelligence. Prohibition will not do this, for prohibition seems to have little effect on the mental defectives who lower the general intelligence.

Take the Southern States. Among the first to endorse prohibition, they have always been behindhand in their provision for their defectives. Prohibition will not solve their negro problem or greatly ameliorate it, as long as they fail to prevent the wholesale propagation of defectives and refuse to provide means by which the higher grades may be trained for useful employments.

Unless such measures are undertaken, prohibition might as well not exist, so far as the racial welfare of the negro is concerned.

For political reasons, perhaps, legislators keep themselves uninformed about such factors in racial decline as mental deficiency, epilepsy and insanity, all more frequent than chronic alcoholism. It would be a gifted propagandist, indeed, who could raise a wave of popular enthusiasm over these gruesome conditions. And yet, moral reforms launched by small groups, without efforts at real reconstruction, make one think of Rousseau, who told parents what they should do, while he left his own children for others to care for.

It would seem that one menace of such country-wide propaganda as resulted in the Eighteenth Amendment lies in the sense of righteousness which results from it, which fosters the idea that further action, for a long time at least, is unnecessary. The people delude themselves into believing that when prohibition is enforced the country will need no more saving; and legislators, hard of hearing before, become stone-deaf to the arguments which represent that the problems of degeneracy will not have been met by the removal of alcohol.

PEARCE BAILEY.

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HALTING AMERICAN DEVELOPMENT

BY WILLIAM McCLELLAN

AMERICA'S machinery for production and distribution is badly dislocated. This is a patent fact. Factories there are in abundance. The amount of skilled and semi-skilled labor has been greatly increased by the war impetus. The proportion of gold held in this country is greater than ever. But there is a startling condition of ineffectiveness in much of the industrial world. There is a foreboding inconsistency in the staggering collapse of transportation and other utilities, while investors of the country have been plunging into industrials. There is reason to fear that the foolish and shortsighted antagonism of the shippers against the railroads has done more than interrupt mere money-making. The present exhortation to boom foreign trade and investments arouses misgivings, under the circumstances. What is the real state of the country, and what may be expected? The readjustment in wages and prices now under way, with the consequent halt in production due to the uncertainty in the minds of buyers as to final price levels, has not destroyed the illusion of general prosperity. The average American believes that the industrial machine has merely stopped for minor adjustment and will soon be humming again. Can it be possible, then, that America's national and local development is menaced?

Immigration, huge in amount and various as to races, was the outstanding feature of the development of the United States in comparison with other new countries. Hardly less important was the order in which the races came, first from northern Europe, then southern, and finally eastern. During a century and a quarter, this immigration was a magnificent contribution of human wealth brought to maturity at the expense of Europe. It provided an abundance of labor full of enthusiasm, ready and willing to do any amount of hard work. These human units

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were not assimilated, however, without adding vital qualities to American character. That character, hybrid though it is, acquired a powerful individuality, is able to reproduce itself, and has made the development of America possible.

The first menace to our continued advance arises from the possibility that this flow of immigration will be permanently diminished. Certainly Europe needs all of her man power, and no clear-thinking American will even hope that the men and women of Europe will be willing to forsake wantonly their native lands for the loaves and fishes which may possibly be for their taking in America. But constant additions of raw labor are indispensable for America. Recent reports show a very satisfactory increase in immigration even approaching the big inward flow of the past and perhaps sufficient. There is unenlightened talk of stopping immigration when what is needed is intelligent regulation. Suppose every immigrant were compelled by law to disembark—or perhaps more accurately, detrain—at some middle western city. In any case we shall be face to face with a new situation in labor, and American inventive ability may have to prove itself anew.

The peculiar faith of the American in the future of his country has been a controlling factor. This faith has been backed by unlimited investment of time, energy, and money. Men have been willing to invest and to keep on investing in situations where other types of minds would have been discouraged quickly. Railroads were thrown from one ocean to the other, over wide stretches of totally unoccupied country and scaling two mountain ranges purely on faith in national growth. Similarly, because of this peculiar national character, electric lighting and gas plants, electric railways, telegraph and telephone lines, were established in places where there was little but faith in the future to warrant them. As a result, these instruments of national development are more extensive and more generally distributed in this country than anywhere else in the world. It is not to be denied that much of it was ill-timed and ill-placed. But there was progress; and while individuals here and there suffered enormous losses, the country as a whole gained a magnificent advantage.

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Pioneer days are over, however, and conservatism might reasonably be expected. Natural resources have become private resources chiefly. Losses of the past have made investors more critical. Lines of development have been marked out and locations for enterprise have been extensively preëmpted. Development, of necessity, must become more orderly, more coöperative, more controlled. But, unfortunately, conservatism has an easy facility for skepticism and consequent stagnation.

Investments are made because of faith in what the future offers. The workman invests his time and money in learning a particular trade, and the student chooses particular courses, because they believe that conditions as they see them promise adequate satisfaction and reward in the fields for which they are fitting themselves. And so with the investor of money. His money flows inevitably in the direction of expectant reward, and it flows in proportion to the attractiveness of the estimate. There is no sentiment about the dollar, and there is no investor more canny and more expectant, so far as returns are concerned, than the American investor.

The essence of our larger politics, therefore, must be to maintain conditions so that the individual American will enthusiastically and willingly make his investment of money, time and energy in order to keep up our national and local development. Is there any danger that we shall halt or stumble?

The plain fact is that some parts of our industrial and commercial machine for production and distribution have been growing at the expense of other parts. Production has gone ahead by leaps and bounds, while distribution has been neglected. In the good old days it was nonchalantly assumed that the railroads would be there, ready to function adequately, at any time. Industry ignorantly looked upon them as more or less private, competing enterprises. There was no realization that their success and adequate upkeep were just as vital to manufacturing and commerce as if they were owned in fee simple by the plants and people they served. The whole country, therefore, is alarmed at their present critical condition. But it is not so well known that quick recovery is impossible, and that genuine recovery has not even started,—is hardly in sight. The best evidence of

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this ignorance of the real situation is the hopelessly inadequate and hampering Esch-Cummins Railroad Bill.

What is even more alarming is that the country may not perceive the effect on national development of this hardening of the arteries of trade. Although not so evident, the situation of the railroads is reproduced in every other public utility. They cannot compete with industry for money, and they cannot compete with industry for men. Money is to be had, of course, for a price, and with ample security. But those controlling the utilities can pay this price only so far as it is necessary to maintain what they have. They cannot pay it for development purposes. Large industrial concerns all over the country can pay for cars at any price,—passing this cost on to the consumer. Can a transportation system be healthy, can it be expected to develop, when the cars it cannot afford to buy are readily bought and owned privately by its industrial customers?

A few figures will illustrate the point. Pre-war cost of money averaged five per cent, and is now upwards of eight per cent, or one and one-half times as much. With this expensive money, the railroads and other utilities have been paying the industrials two and one-half times as much for equipment. Operating costs have been three times as much. These capital and operating costs will undoubtedly fall—they have fallen somewhat already but the fall will have to be great indeed to restore equilibrium. No one really expects it. Concretely this means that a new company would need rates three or four times the pre-war rates. In the present state of the public mind such rates are not possible, so there will be no new companies, and old companies will restrict growth as much as possible. That is, there will be no increase in facilities,—no development. Ponder on the conditions of the railroads which are allowed five and one-half per cent return by Congress, yet must pay seven and one-half per cent for money. How pushing will any utility be which is allowed to earn eight per cent and must pay nine per cent for the money? It cannot even trade dollars. And yet these utilities are the hands and feet of manufacture and trade.

No one should be misled into calling the recently expanded industrial capacity a satisfactory national or local development.

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It is not prosperity, when analyzed. Manufacturing capacity is properly increased to use available labor. This fundamental rule has been outrageously broken. Millions of dollars have been put into manufacturing plants since the war, when it could be demonstrated clearly that every bit of labor in the country was at work. Managers had to bid for labor at any price. Whatever they had to pay could be passed on to the consumer in the selling price of the goods. The result is that the farmer, the public utilities, the highways and other municipal activities have had their labor bid away from them by industrials which had no right, on any economic basis, ever to have been started. The outcome has been clear to everyone who has had open eyes. The turnover in industrial employment has been enormous. Strikers no longer waited for their demands to be met,—frequently they made no demands,—but were immediately at work elsewhere at higher pay. In the switchmen's strike no rate of pay possible to the railroads would have brought the men back from their highly paid industrial jobs. The reflex is coming. Already we hear the industrial world wondering how it is to make use of the excess of factory capacity. The public rebels at continued high prices and refuses to buy. Unemployment of labor is on its way. Liquidation of overstocks has started everywhere. But the headway is too great, and there is no way of letting go suddenly. Development has halted, and the greatest problem before the country to-day is the readjustment of its commercial and industrial machine in all its parts. Our so-called "prosperity" is like a weed with an enormous flowering growth but a very inadequate root system.

Examine for a moment the resounding call for foreign investment. It is partly selfish and partly humanitarian. In so far as it is the latter, it must be furthered, but the selfish part—by no means the smaller—is a menace. Unquestionably America has financial responsibilities in Europe, but only the wisest and best-informed minds should direct them. As a matter of fact, if all our available funds for investment were applied at home, there would still be required a very long time to get the industrial, utility, and municipal situation in the United States properly arranged. Moreover, this country, rich as it may seem, is not

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yet a lending nation, for it is not a saving nation. Its so-called capital is misleading. Its real wealth is its productive and distributing power and this is badly crippled. With a consistent purpose to help the world at large, it should first of all bring this power to a maximum.

The dislocation of coal production and distribution is another disturbing factor. Coal is at the very basis of civilization. To every industry it is of extraordinary importance, but to the electric power and gas companies it is the raw material out of which they make their products. Within the last year there has been a mad scramble for coal. Those who had the money could get it. Bidders have ocasionally gone to the mines and laid down checks for the operators to fill in as they pleased. Those who have had plenty of money to spend, and particularly those who could pass all their costs on to consumers in the selling price of goods, have been able to outbid the utilities and others whose pockets were shallow. It is generally conceded that had there been adequate car supply for all mines desiring to operate, there would have been no coal crisis. But car supply will not fully stabilize the coal business that has never been organized for production.

Someone has said that America cannot proceed now, any more than it could in 1861, half-slave and half-free. Industrials and utilities must march in even step. Both must draw from a common fund of labor and money, to which coal may be added as a third. The progress of the utility is a measure of the development in the nation and in the locality. The industrial plant is isolated from labor, raw material, coal and customer unless connected to them by an adequate group of utilities. The self-interest begot of earnings in the utilities is very small, whereas the self-interest measured by earnings in the industrial is to a certain extent unlimited. The decision is plain. If America is to maintain its progress and development, these utilities upon which all business and social activities depend for necessities and conveniences must be placed so that they are not at a disadvantage in the competition for labor, money, and coal.

The hands and feet of the industrials must be freed. The restraint comes through regulation of the utilities in competition

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with unregulated industrials. Some would abolish all regulation, and let "good old competition" solve the difficulty. Others would increase regulation and extend it to the industrials. Still others would have government ownership and operation. Where do prudence and discretion lead?

Recently a prominent member of the coal business, speaking before a large group of public utility operators, took the position that regulation ought to be abolished, evidently thinking that he would strike a responsive chord in the minds of public utility men. No one was ever more mistaken. To a man, they rejected any such proposal, openly expressing the opinion that whatever difficulties regulation may have caused, absence of regulation would be worse. They knew that for centuries "public servants" had been subject, as they expressed it, to the "wolves of local regulation". The utility men were inhospitable enough to their speaker to suggest regulation of the coal industry. State regulation of public utilities, with its removal of the issues from the sphere of local jealousies and partialities, has been sufficiently a success in this country to cause those most interested to fight for it. Unregulated private ownership and operation are unthinkable. They would be retrogressive.

Regulation is not a failure. It has been hampered sometimes by commissioners who have apparently lacked courage. Usually, however, they have been responsive to the popular demand. Regulatory legislation has been extraordinarily full of retarding and restricting detail. Apparently it has been passed on the theory that commissioners were not to be trusted. Regulation, to be successful, must be as free from legislative and popular shackles as are the courts. Pay and tenure of office must be attractive to the highest type of administrators. Laws and men must provide a maximum of supervision and a minimum of management. The men must be respected and trusted by the legislature and the people.

We are in our present chaos because large-minded regulation has been absent. Somehow, because of popular and official prejudice, the object of regulation has seemed to be restrictive instead of constructive. In forming the prejudices, history has had a large part. Huge profits have been made by so-called

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magnates. These men did rob the properties in various ways; they did raid the stock markets; but they got their great rake-offs only in these ways, for the profits from legitimate operation of utilities have always been small. Under regulation these profits can never be excessive. The theory is that regulation will add security and stability to the financial condition of utilities, and that a lower rate of return on the investment is justified. Regulation will be a failure until it does accomplish this constructive end; until it becomes an insurance to both public and utility. Regulation, under the law, is in control of the utilities, and, therefore, regulation carries a heavy and positive responsibility to strive for their success.

The recent rate increase granted by the Interstate Commerce Commission indicates a change for the better. There is apparently some realization of the Commission's true function and evidence of more courage. The shippers are now both intelligent and reasonable. But the labor problem is untouched and as uncertain as ever. Moreover, the material improvement is woefully inadequate for the needs. The problem is far from solved, but the outlook is much more hopeful. This is shown particularly in the reports that the commission is hard at work on plans for coördination and consolidation of lines.

Government ownership and operation must not be resorted to for the single reason that regulated private ownership has failed so far. Could the Government, unless it takes to itself peculiar advantages, do more than go into the coal market and compete with other bidders for coal? Time and again it has been proved that the Government cannot buy for a lower price than others. Unless the Government chooses to make up deficits by taxation of the whole people instead of those who use the railroads, and unless it neglects public improvements, which have heretofore been regarded as more properly within governmental purview than the operation of utilities, would it be able to get money at any lower rate? With the Government as owner and operator, is it to be expected that modern, enlightened, railroad workers will accept less than they would from private owners? The question of government ownership and operation must be decided on other grounds than these. It must be expedient for other and better reasons.

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Few modern thinkers will consent to a wholesale condemnation of government ownership and operation. Theoretically, the Government can do as well as any private owner. The honest-minded citizen will recognize that government ownership and operation mean a radical and more or less violent change in governmental functioning. The question is first of all one of political science, and then as to whether or not political conditions promise success. One aspect is plain: whether the Government or the private owner operates, success will come only if receipts cover all genuine costs and provide an incentive to enthusiastic and efficient service.

The social organization cannot forever dodge the labor issue. Sooner or later a definite policy must be adopted. The Esch-Cummins Bill prevents a sudden, organized strike, but its futility is demonstrated by the recent "runaway strikes". Moreover, the strike is being condemned in favor of various forms of sabotage. The fact is that the very complicated, highly organized, railroad machine cannot be operated except by the army of more or less skilled workers, and the workers know this. They have learned their strength and are learning how to use it as subtly as may be necessary to attain their ends. They are the railroad magnates of to-day, and need just as much attention as did the financial magnates of a generation ago. It is folly to talk of their being reasonable and abating excessive demands. History records no group in power as ever having done so. As an example, capital has been giving numerous exhibitions of the most excessive demands—in its profiteering—that the world has ever seen, or at least has seen since the days of the robber-barons. Labor is entitled to a just wage, whether it works for an industrial or a utility; but just as utility-capital had to be regulated so that no advantage could be taken of its peculiar position, utility-labor must be regulated for the same reason.

Someone will say that the present dislocation is temporary, a result of the war, and will soon correct itself. This would be comforting if it were true, but it is not. In their weakened condition, the railroads and other utilities have had greater burdens than ever put upon them and must go staggering on. The management has been harassed and condemned so long that

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esprit de corps is weakened. They have been fenced in and hobbled while they watched their fortunate industrial brothers running free and untrammelled. Further neglect will extend the damage in an increasing ratio. Radical treatment is necessary.

In the country districts years ago, when highways became nearly useless through lack of maintenance, everyone in the neighborhood stopped all private tasks and "worked on the roads". They did this because they had learned how dependent they were on usable roads. Somehow the public of to-day must get the same attitude toward their utilities.

The public mind is not yet fully informed on the real situation. This was proved by the numerous comments made by the man on the street when the recent rate increases were announced. There is a definite, even though subconscious, lack of faith in utility managements. They are like the dog that has earned a bad name in its youth. The average citizen refuses to distinguish between the exploiting banker-management of the past and the more enlightened technical management of the present. So long as this misunderstanding exists, there can be no hope of a real recovery. The public mind must be changed so that it will trust those who direct its instruments of development.

Utility men have a heavy responsibility, but not the entire one. They can do little except by exemplary conduct. The difficulty is the occasional black sheep who does more damage to the public mind than can be corrected by the faithful service of a thousand righteous men. The greatest task before the utility men to-day is to become willing to drive this man from the field before he accomplishes his vicious purpose,—and any man who is in the business to make money by exploitation, robbery of properties, or in any other way than by legitimate, efficient operation, is there for a vicious purpose. Right living will make it possible for publicists, newspapers, and magazines to enlighten the mind of the people so that a fair deal can be had. The development of America will stop marking time, and will march.

WILLIAM MCCLELLAN.

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SOCIAL LEGISLATION AND THE COURTS

BY HENRY CAMPBELL BLACK

In recent years society has been taking a fresh appraisement of its own constitution, and has found much ground for dissatisfaction. The relations between those who work and those who employ the labor of others are in process of review and reformation; and this process involves the recognition of the general public as a third party, and one that is deeply concerned in those relations. New ideas are coming to the front as to the reciprocal rights and duties of the individual and the community and the relation of government to both. There is a turning away from the old *laissez-faire* nonchalance; liberalism is in the ascendant; progress is the motto of the hour.

Looking at only one aspect of this significant movement, it may be said that this is a time when the class consciousness of the workingmen has reached its maximum, when the demands of labor are given paramount consideration in the counsels of the nation and indeed of the world, when we can perceive the industrial revolution actually in progress, and not unreasonably anticipate a reorganization of the world's work in accordance with labor's own programme. In the wider view, we see that the great body of social legislation (including much beside the making of laws for the protection and advantage of the workers) is continually growing, pushing out into new fields, abolishing old canons and harsh rules, raising new standards, encroaching more and more upon the domain of individual liberty as the conception of the solidarity of society widens the outlook of men. And all of it must pass the scrutiny of the courts. For every progressive measure, every statute designed to redress an industrial wrong or inaugurate an industrial reform, and practically every law put upon the books in the execution of the new social programme, is bound somewhere to come in conflict with private or corporate interest, to cross the path of individual initiative, or to limit the

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freedom which men have been accustomed to exercise in the government of their own affairs. All such enactments, therefore, are challenged. Suits are brought to test their validity. It is argued that they cannot stand, because they violate the provisions of the constitutions. And the decision is with the courts; on their arbitrament depends the fate of the law in question.

On the one hand, the judicial tribunals have no warrant to thwart the will of the people as expressed through their legislative representatives, if the bounds of their constitutional power have not been overpassed. On the other hand, if a piece of legislation is indubitably contrary to some one or more of the provisions of the Constitution of the State or of the Union, the courts have no choice as to the course they will pursue. They must pronounce it null and void. That is their sworn duty. They cannot disobey the higher law. Occasionally they have been required to pass judgment upon some statute deemed especially favorable to the interests of a class or group or organization, or one which was widely and popularly approved, and have found it in irreconcilable conflict with the organic law. Every such decision brings forth a storm of protest, indignation, and vituperation.

Is this last circumstance a mere passing and insignificant phenomenon? Unfortunately, it is not. It is symptomatic of a continuous attitude towards the courts of justice maintained by considerable portions of the community. There is always an undercurrent of hostility against this constitutional function of the courts. It is asserted that it is based upon a "usurpation" of authority; its exercise is denounced as a "judicial veto." This must be regarded as a very disquieting fact, for it is an ever present menace to the stability of constitutional government. And even though it has no justification in law or in fact, it is especially and peculiarly a cause for apprehension and concern in a period of reorganization and social experimentation such as the present.

How, it may be asked, are the courts actually proceeding in the face of this sentiment? They are confronted with their own peculiar and difficult problem. On the one hand presses the concrete force of the social will as formulated in statutes; on the other hand stand the abstract and generalized inhibitions of the

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constitutions. A survey of the constitutional decisions of the past twenty years or more suggests the theory that the courts are successfully escaping from the dilemma, first, by abandoning the conception of the written constitution as a yard-stick and recognizing its possibilities of growth; second, by conceding a due weight to the popular, as distinguished from the juristic, interpretation of the Constitution, and third, by contributing to the growth of a system of constitutional policy.

A written constitution, like that which has been established for the United States or for any one of the States, cannot remain a set of immutable formulas, dead and embalmed for all time. It must function as an organism. That is, it must live and grow with the life and growth of the society which it purports to govern, or else, to the extent that it remains stationary and unresponsive to the urge of an expanding public consciousness, it will be discarded by that society, either silently or with violence, and in either case it will lose its authority as law and become no more than an historical document.

Now there are at least four ways in which a written constitution can grow. First, by conscious and intended change effected in accordance with methods provided by the constitution itself. Several times within the last few years the people of the United States, acting through their representatives in Congress and then through their State legislatures, have expressed their conviction that the national Constitution should be amended, and it has been changed in conformity with their desires, and in each case the movement has been one of growth and not of contraction. Second, a constitution may undergo a process of unconscious and gradual modification without formal amendment. This happens when usages and customs grow up around a rigid constitution, which do not so much contravene it as supplement it, but which eventually replace or transform some of its provisions. A conspicuous illustration may be found in the history of the electoral college. The framers of the Constitution had no idea of committing the selection of a President to the general body of voters. The "electors" were meant to be a carefully chosen body, charged with entire responsibility for the nomination of candidates and voting according to their personal convictions. But by a custom

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or usage of the Constitution it has come to pass that the candidates are named by party conventions, and the people cast their ballots for a set of intermediaries, who formally comply with the letter of the Constitution but automatically vote the ticket of their party. Thus the formulas of the Constitution are preserved, but they have been in this respect emptied of all meaning. The people have changed their Constitution, without disobeying it, by the growth of a habit. Third, a written constitution may grow as a consequence of the interpretation of its various provisions by the courts. It is not necessary to repeat the familiar story of the expansion of the Federal Constitution under the vigorous hands of Chief Justice Marshall and his associates. They changed no word of it. Only a few of its provisions underwent the process of a constructive enlargement. But as it stood, it might have fitted a feeble alliance of proud and not very concordant semi-sovereignties. As they left it, it fitted a powerful, autonomous, and closely compacted nation.

But in the fourth place—and this is the point to be especially emphasized here—a constitution may change and expand through a process of interpretation *by the people*, growing out of their progressing views of morality or of social and industrial relations. This last is unconscious. That is, the people are mostly unaware of the process, or they have no deliberate and continuous intention in regard to it, although, at any moment when their attention is sharply pricked, they may perceive the result. It is, furthermore, not specific nor very definitely formulated. It does not base itself upon the words or phrases of the Constitution. It is not a syllogism but a sentiment. It takes but little account of the framework of institutions and still less of precedent and tradition, for its wellsprings lie in the genius of our race and in the popular understanding of American liberty and self-government. Again, it is expectant rather than empirical. It assumes that the constitutions will be found in harmonious relations with the will of the people as each successive occasion shall arise. But it does not reason from experience, and this assumption has very little if anything at all to do with the judicial history of the Constitution. Finally, it is not at all legalistic, but it is intensely pragmatic. If the popular conception of con-

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stitutional government could be made articulate, it might be heard expressing itself in terms somewhat like these:

"This is a government of the people by the people. Whatever the people deliberately decide upon in the way of governmental action they should be allowed to carry through. That is why we have our written constitutions. They were meant first to establish popular government and then to insure its continuity. They were not designed to cast society in rigid lines; on the contrary, their function is to give its expansion full play. Now this is an era of change. The day of intensive individualism is past. We are no longer an aggregation of units: society is the unit. Democracy is an organization of society in which every man is the keeper of his brother's welfare. Whatever injures or debases one reacts upon the whole. Whatever elevates one makes for the common good. Moreover, it is not an age of simple and uncomplicated relations. More and more the complexity of social and industrial interactions increases. So it is necessary to revise old rules, to discard outgrown standards. The principles of justice, it is true, are immutable, but in the distribution of justice we must take cognizance of the needs and the opportunities of the day and hour. Of course we know that our constitutions contain prohibitions and limitations. No one may be deprived of his life, liberty, or property without due process of law; all are entitled to the equal protection of the laws, and so on. But these are promises. They make safe forever the fundamental rights of free citizens. But they are not shackles to bind the feet of democracy, forever struggling to its distant goal. They are not manacles to chain its upward-reaching hands. If it were so, woe to democracy!"

When this general and liberal understanding of the meaning of the constitution is brought to the test of criticism by the courts, there is popular expectation that it will be adopted and followed. If it is not, in any notable case, there is a shock of surprise. It is then that the courts are denounced as reactionary and narrow-minded. It is then that the outcry rises against legalism. It is then that proposals come to the fore to deprive the courts of their authority to adjudge laws unconstitutional. The demand for the recall of judicial decisions is precisely a

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demand for the right to substitute the *popular* interpretation of the constitution for the *juristic* interpretation. But popular interpretation must be translated into juristic interpretation, because otherwise it cannot take form and become definitely applicable to concrete cases. There is no way in which it can become practically effective except when it is to be applied to the rights of individual persons. Yet popular interpretation cannot be allowed to destroy constitutional limitations altogether; otherwise, public opinion would be the only constitution.

This, then, has been and still is the problem for the courts: to translate popular interpretation into juristic interpretation to the utmost extent compatible with saving the Constitution itself. And anyone who has studied the course of their decisions with an unprejudiced mind, and who has looked at them as human documents as well as legal judgments, will be justified in saying that, in the solving of their problem, our judges have been neither reactionary nor narrow-minded, but that, on the contrary, they have shared the popular vision and had sympathy with the popular aspirations, and so have aided and not retarded the growth of the Constitution.

For instance, in the marvelous expansion of the police power, from a function strictly confined to a few specific purposes to a practically unrestrained authority to legislate for the general welfare, the courts have not led public opinion, much less created it. But they have observed it, they have recognized it, recognized even that it has insensibly changed the constitutions, and they have given effect to it in their decisions.

Again, there has been a widening of the powers and activities of the Federal Government far beyond the prevision even of Chief Justice Marshall. There has arisen a "doctrine of paramount necessity," which is in effect a belief that Congress, under the guise of one or another of its admitted powers, can and should do anything which seems to be for the welfare of the whole country and which the separate States either cannot or will not unite in providing for by adequate legislation. And this is almost entirely the outgrowth of a changing popular conception of the scope and functions of the National Government. Insensibly it

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has modified the Constitution. The courts have neither prompted nor fostered it, but they have recognized and acceded to it.

But the opportunity for the courts to exercise discretion, to adopt an attitude, to follow or retard a popular tendency, grows out of the fact that some of the most important of the constitutional limitations are expressed in general and indefinite language. If all were as precise as that which forbids the enactment of "bills of attainder and *ex post facto* laws," the courts would be held in rigid limits, and any manifestation of a tendency or proclivity on their part would be next to impossible. But such phrases as "due process of law" and "the equal protection of the laws" are so nearly incapable of exact definition that the courts have steadily refused all invitations to mark out their limits. Moreover, there are implied limitations in the constitutions—implied in the sense that they are thought to be implicated in the broad terms of some of the indefinite clauses, or that they emerge as a generalization from some of the conclusions that have been definitely reached as to what those clauses do or do not mean. These implied limitations set up barriers to legislation which are called by some such names as "justice," "reasonableness," "liberty," and "the inalienable rights;" and these terms, although they also are hard to define, certainly do make a nearer approach to correspondence with a concrete idea.

It is these implications or generalizations which now have weight with the courts. Left to deal at will with the broad and indefinite limitations of the constitutions, they have refused to give ear to the counsels of a dry literalism. Instead, they are trying to solve their problem by digging out the living meaning of such constitutional declarations, in the endeavor thus to arrive at norms and standards which shall serve the practical purposes of contemporary life. The matter is well put by Professor Corwin in the following terms:

> Our courts today, in construing the Constitution, are in a position to avail themselves of the modern flexible view of law as something inherently developing, in a way never before possible to them. All constitutional limitations setting the bounds between the rights of the community and the rights of the individual have tended of recent years to be absorbed into the constitutional requirement of "due process of law," and this requirement, in turn, has come

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to take on the general meaning of "reasonable law." So far as constitutional theory itself is concerned, there is small ground for the complaints leveled by reformers at judicial review. (Edward S. Corwin, *The Doctrine of Judicial Review*, pages 64, 65.)

This progress from literalism to liberality is very clearly illustrated by certain observations of Mr. Justice Holmes in a decision rendered in 1911. He said:

We must be cautious about pressing the broad words of the Fourteenth Amendment to a drily logical extreme. Many laws which it would be vain to ask the court to overthrow could be shown easily enough to transgress a scholastic interpretation of one or another of the great guarantees in the bill of rights. They more or less limit the liberty of the individual, or they diminish property to a certain extent. We have few scientifically certain criteria of legislation, and as it often is difficult to mark the line where what is called the police power of the states is limited by the Constitution of the United States, judges should be slow to read into the latter a *nolumus mutare* as against the law-making power. (Noble State Bank vs. Haskell, 219 U. S. 104.)

It is no less true, on the other hand, that that with which the due process clause is brought into opposition is just as indefinite and unprecise, just as refractory to any attempt at delimitation. Without attempting here an account of the expansion of the police power, or of the present understanding of the subjects to which it may reach, it may be sufficient to quote Mr. Justice Field in saying that neither the Fourteenth Amendment,

broad and comprehensive as it is, nor any other amendment, was designed to interfere with the power of the state, sometimes termed its police power, to prescribe regulations to promote the health, peace, morals, education, and good order of the people, and to legislate so as to increase the industries of the state, develop its resources, and add to its wealth and prosperity. (Barbier vs. Connolly, 113 U. S. 27.)

It is in the conflict of two indefinites—the due process clause on the one hand and the police power on the other hand—that opportunity arises for discussion, adjustment, adaptation, and for the translation into a juristic, and hence authoritative, interpretation of that understanding of the Constitution which has already been reached by a process of popular interpretation. And as a result of the constantly recurring necessity of making decisions in cases which arise in this field of conflict, there has grown up an extensive body of constitutional case-law. Re-

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garded superficially, it is only a series of precedents. But closer study of it reveals the steady growth and evolution of a system of constitutional *policy*. And notwithstanding occasional lapses into "drily logical" reasoning, or of academic timidity in regard to the accelerating process of liberalizing the constitutions, this is the broad ground upon which our courts seem destined ultimately to take their stand, even if they have not already done so. This matter has been very well set forth by Professor Ernst Freund in a recent work (*Standards of American Legislation*, page 211), in which he says:

> The idea of a constitutional policy and corresponding rights and limitations was readily entertained, not only by the courts, but by the great preponderance of public and professional opinion, and to a very considerable extent this opinion prevails today. This point of view should control the interpretation of much that goes on in America under the name of constitutional law. The decisions enforcing so-called inherent limitations are among the most loosely reasoned in our entire case law. There is much talk about inalienable rights on the one side and about the police power on the other; as the case may be, either denunciation of the arbitrary will of the legislature, or disclaimer of judicial superiority of judgment or power of control; practically the only criterion that is suggested is that of reasonableness. From the point of view of legal science it would be difficult to conceive of anything more unsatisfactory. Extreme indefiniteness, however, appears in the light of a wise avoidance of irrevocable conclusions, if we apply to this phase of constitutional law as a whole the test of political performance. The greatest defects of the decisions from a legal standpoint constitute their saving grace. No constitutional right is asserted without placing in convenient juxtaposition a saving on behalf of the public welfare. No rule has been formulated in such a manner as to embarrass an honorable retreat, and if an inconvenient precedent is encountered, there is little hesitation in overruling it. Even the brief period of thirty years, during which the courts have enforced constitutional policies, has been sufficient to demonstrate that any apprehension of a permanent hindrance on their part to any phase of legislative progress is groundless. Indeed, there is rather reason to fear that the courts will exercise the guardianship committed to them with less confidence and boldness than is desirable. A legislative body, in pursuing some particular social or economic policy demanded by popular clamor for the attainment of tangible and immediate objects, will easily be inclined to underestimate and neglect the larger policy of individual right and liberty which at one time was believed to be safest in its hands. For the protection of these lesser and more permanent interests, so essential to the maintenance of our institutions, we naturally look to the courts, which by constitution and habit are best qualified to appreciate the claims of individual right.

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One thing more should be said as to the problem of the courts. They should be helped in solving it by being supplied, from some outside source, with an adequate collection of the facts and statistics bearing on the particular case. Very often the "reasonableness" of a statute, in the sense of constitutional policy, will depend on the existence or the extent of a public need for it, or on the probability of its bringing the expected benefits to the public at large. It is not fair to expect our judges to be eminent sociologists and infallible economists. Yet these are the sciences which alone, in many of the most difficult cases, can supply the data necessary to an intelligent decision of the questions of fact involved. An interesting and probably helpful suggestion in this direction was made by the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations in 1916 (Final Report, page 205), as follows:

> Criticisms of the courts for decisions overturning laws designed to protect labor, and the demands for constitutional amendments to deprive the courts of power to declare laws unconstitutional, or providing for the recall of decisions or recall of judges, often fail to reach the real difficulty. The difficulty is that bureaus or departments of labor and statistics have been so incompetently managed, or their investigations so remote from the concrete facts that need to be established, that the courts have had no reliable information and have been compelled to fall back upon their own meager information or "common knowledge." If the court had at hand a reliable and well-equipped referee with power to get the facts, as in the (proposed) Industrial Commission, it is probable that it would call upon such referee instead of basing its judgment upon the doubtful claims and technical arguments of attorneys.

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VITALITY IN ART

BY STARK YOUNG

We decided to stop for the night at Partinico instead of Castellammare and go on to Segesta next day. Castellammare is the usual place, and Baedeker was distinctly silent about hotels elsewhere. Partinico, according to him, was a town of 23,668 inhabitants and a center for the wine trade. It lay "⅔ M. to the left of the station" and was "defended by several old towers."

But, I argued with myself, if it is a wine center, there must be places where the buyers stay. Guidebooks took a pampered view of hotels. If the Italians could stand it we could. Why be stale?

We took the white road up the hill to the town. The beautiful country people passed by, going home after the day's work, with their donkeys and hayforks and scythes. Some of them were singing. And the white road along the grey-green country, the clear stream, the oleanders and vines and olive trees, the still sky after twilight, the light reflected from the ground, and the first pale stars coming out, the people with their goats and asses and sheep, and the rose and white and yellow farmhouses where the dogs were barking, all this gentle, clear world went together; it was perfect; it was all Theocritus over again.

At the edge of the town the smell of wine arose, a sweet, fermenting, heavy fragrance, the famous Partinico. The air of the town was like one long al fresco tavern. And when we came into it, the hum of the piazza was just dying down, the bright voices were trailing off home. Darkness had come suddenly, and infinite stars.

We looked about us. The Stella was on the piazza, the *capostazione* had told us. But we saw no name, no entrance. I asked a young man. The hotel, ah, certainly! he said courteously, the *signori* would find the hotel just there, on the left.

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We took the street he pointed out and walked along. It was much darker once you left the piazza. We walked three blocks but saw nothing of the Stella. We turned back and asked again. The hotel was now on our right, just off the piazza. We missed it again. Finally we asked a lean, dim man propped against a wall if he would take us to the door of the hotel. He bowed and turned to a low, arched doorway beside him and we followed him up a dark, winding stair. There were only smells and pitch darkness as we followed the sound of the man's footsteps.

We entered a big room with a pile of bedding to one side, a long table with chairs, and an old square piano in the corner. Our escort went for the *padrone*. We could already hear a man's voice shouting and swearing and the clash of pans in the adjoining kitchen. A parrot sitting on the window-sill began to rap on the glass with his bill and shout, "*Chi é? Chi é?*". Then our guide came back followed by a brigand, tall, scowling and gruff, the *Signore Padrone*.

There were no two rooms with one bed, the padrone said, and no one room with two beds. There was a room with three beds but one of them was taken. We could have that if we liked. He did not smile all this time. By now my brain was already teeming with Sicilian horrors and I was wondering if we should ever get out of this place alive. The tariff for these would be three lire a bed. Twelve cents, I thought, grotesquely; I might be murdered, but my room was to cost me twelve cents, by exchange. I asked if there was any other hotel in Partinico. There was not; and we were shown to our apartment.

The *padrone* went out and cursed the kitchen people again and came back and sat down facing me. He inquired whether we were buyers or what. His manner implied that we were probably what. I explained that we were travellers. I tried to be winning; I declaimed about Sicily; I said the war had been fought for nothing; that Italy had won her war and lost everything; that all there was to France was *egoismo*. These were the things I had heard harangued and agreed upon in the trains and hotels, and by the barbers, and by the stewards on the Palermo boat. The *padrone* softened a little but did not unbend.

"You are right, *Signore*," he said, "Italy has won the war and

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lost everything. We are ruined. If there is another war we would not fight for France."

He rose and went to the kitchen. A moment later a sullen, ragged maid hurried in to set the table. Appalling guests were coming in. But at supper the maid began to slap one of them in the face with her apron, a young merchant from Amalfi. The two were evidently on a footing, and I began to feel more comfortable: much better a dinner of herbs where love is, I thought. After a time the *padrone* came in and joined the conversation. He too seemed gradually a little more human.

After supper we walked about the darkened main street of the town under the incredible stars till eleven o'clock. I preferred to let our roommate get to bed first, and wondered what sort of a creature he would be.

But when we returned our roommate had not come in. We must go to bed and leave the door into the passage open for him.

I put my money, thousands of lire that I had just exchanged for a few hundred dollars, and my watch into one of my shoes and blew out the lamp. A lantern from the piazza fell through the open window over the walls of the room, silver and faint like moonlight.

My friend, who knew nothing of the stories of Sicily and lonely places, went off to sleep. We were to be up at five and had ten miles' walking at Segesta; but I had made up my mind to stay awake until the other man came in.

I had said to my friend that I wished to be present at my own murder, but I did not any longer expect to be murdered exactly. I knew now that I could yell to the *padrone* and out of the piazza window. But as I lay on my pad on those wide boards beneath me, I thought of the possibilities and the stories I had read. Everyone knows about the closet door showing the crack of light and beginning to slide open, and if the traveller had not had his pistol—and so on. Everyone knows of the kidnappings for ransom, the robbing. There is the Black Hand too. And neither Baedeker nor the Government itself will insure safety in the remote parts of Sicily. I preferred at least to see who the man was that was to share our room. I leaned down for my shoe and put it on the other side of the bed next the wall.

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Then I tried to remember that Samuel Butler had done a great deal of his writing not far away at Calatafimi; and that at Carini a little to the east, Lais was born and stolen away to Greece in 415 when she was a girl of twelve.

The clock in the piazza struck twelve. And soon after that some one began to play the piano in the dining-room at the end of our passage. The piano was like so many pianos in Italy; it trilled and banged with a tinkling, brassy loudness like a hurdygurdy. Then a lady began to sing: *Una voce poco fa*, from the *Barber of Seville*. Her voice was a high soprano, better than some on the opera stage, a little shrill at the top, very exuberant and *fioritura* and bright. She played and sang full style as if we had been in the Teatro Massimo in Palermo.

"Well," I thought, "at midnight, in a hotel, just outside the doors of the bedrooms! This *is* astonishing."

The lady sang on; the clock struck one. Sometimes she played a waltz and rested her voice. Then she began again, trilling a great deal. She was tireless. But no one seemed to object, and there was not any other sound in the hotel save once when a guest came in and stopped for a moment to speak with the singer. At this she sang for the third time, *Una voce poco fa.*

Just before two o'clock the door opened and the other man came in. I could not see his face in the dim light but I could see that he was tall and wore a slouch hat.

"Good evening, *Signore*," I said at once.

"*Signore*, good evening," he said, taking off his hat, "you are not asleep?"

No, I was still awake.

He did not light the lamp but began undressing in the dusk of the room. I could see that he had taken off his shoes, his collar and his trousers and then got into bed.

"You are getting in late tonight, *Signore*," I said.

"On the contrary. Last night I was out until three."

But were there parties at Partinico at such an hour, I asked, or a carnival indoors, or was there a beautiful *signorina?*

No, he had been with friends. He was getting ready to take an examination. For what? He was going into teaching; he was to have a position in a Government school.

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I asked why he wanted to take up the teaching profession.

"But, *Signore*," he said, "I have been an auctioneer. I prefer some work where I can use the mind better. I like books."

"But you must sleep late in the morning or you will be tired out and do badly on the examination, will you not?"

On the contrary again, he had risen at seven this morning.

"Listen, *Signore*," he said suddenly, "excuse me."

The singer had begun a new aria. "It must be two o'clock," I thought. But the man went on as if he were in an opera box:

"Do you know what that is?"

"*Lucia*, isn't it?"

"Yes. You like it?"

"Yes, indeed. But tell me, *Signor*, who is the singer?"

"The *padrone's* daughter," he said.

"The daughter of the host!" I thought, but I said only, "Ah—"

He had risen and gone to the door.

"See what kind of voice she's got," he said, opening the door halfway and going back to bed. We could now hear every syllable.

"Good voice. Brava!" he said, as soon as he lay down. "Ah-la, la—" he began to accompany the singer softly.

And then at the finale, he sat quickly up in bed and cried, "Ah, there, *Signore*, that's beautiful! Good!"

But the singing was over, and he lay down again; the piano, after a tremendous crescendo banging, stopped, and soon I could hear by his breathing that he was asleep.

By this time I did not care whether I slept or not. Nothing mattered, I was so excited with it all; the singing at this time of the night and nobody minding; the voice, the old arias, in this lonely town; the light in the room; and most of all the man who loved this music, who was leaving his auctioneer's business for a work with books, and who could come in after two and get up at seven and take examinations. And the tirelessness of it all, the love of beauty! The zest for life, the inexhaustibility. These people belong to the sun, I thought. The sun brings up the life in them as it does in the grapes, the flowers, the abundant world around them. No wonder their gods and saints and the forms of life and death and beauty that they have built, are clear and

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beautiful. No wonder the tragic quality they have goes not with dimness and mystery and Gothic confusion, but with clear outlines, violet mountains, the myrtles, the white rocks and the blue sea. Their art can well afford restraint and graciousness when there is such a flood of vitality welling up for it. Getting up to open the door at half-past two o'clock to see what kind of voice she has!

When we stole quietly out of our room at five next morning, we found the *padrone* sitting by the long table, wrapped in a shawl and smiling as he gave us a pleasant journey.

But later on, as the train rattled along to Segesta, I asked myself woefully: what chance have we got compared to these people? I thought of the story of how Rossini writing in bed one winter morning dropped his manuscript of an overture on the floor, and how rather than crawl out of bed after it, he wrote another one. I thought of Lope de Vega pouring out plays by hundreds; of Leonardo with his painting, his sculpture, chemistry, botany and geology, his designs for steam propellers, flying machines, jellies: the sketches for fortifications, bridges and wedding-cakes he made for the Sforzas, and the profound and beautiful notes he kept for himself. I thought of a soprano in Madrid in a difficult little opera bouffe, singing twice and sometimes four times a day, in her 2000th performance when I heard her, and fresh as a bird. The sun outside flooded the violet mountains and the lemon-colored rocks. Then I thought of our Northern nerves, our exhaustions; of Blank's Hypophosphites; of my friend who goes up to Peterborough to get enough vitality to finish a one-act play.

STARK YOUNG.

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DUST AND DREAMS

BY JEANNETTE MARKS

At peace with every sweet remembered thing
You lie; with woodland song that died long years
Ago; with pebbles washed ashore and fears
Released and feathers broken from the wing
That beat its westward flight towards the sun
And some far nest beside some unknown sea:
  I would not answer when you called to me,
  And now my thought of you is never done.

This starlit road with its dark towering pines,
Its dust of misty pollen blown in cloud
From field to field, its silences, its shroud
Of clinging dark and all its trailing vines
White with moonshine and the priestly dew,
We shared. Tonight I travel it alone,—
  Alone I go towards that glistening stone
  Which marks your rest, my thought a prayer
    for you.

Singing the water rushes past your quiet grave
Beneath this little town whose ancient name
Suggests the fair collegiate dream and fame
Of Oxford and her clustered towers. With wave
The river winds a garland for your rest—
The woven sound of grieving without end.
  To you I bring the memory of a friend
  And lay these words on your remembered breast.

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THE CURIOUS EYES

BY ISOBEL HUME

I had a dream that held me fast,
  Informed my hand and fired my brain,
So from a ten-day's toil at last
  Was beauty born without a stain.
More softly than a rose is blown
She flowered to my sense alone.
    Then all the curious came to see
    My beauty born mysteriously.

They peered with old and evil eyes,
  They pointed fingers crooked to grab,
And leered, and nudged, and satyr-wise
  They termed her like a naked drab;
Till beauty sickened in her place
With stricken eyes, and ashen face.
    But when we were alone at last
    I comforted her, all aghast.

She quickened in our solitude
  With rose that pearly tints outstrove,
And offered all in her sweet mood
  As a maid gives herself for love:
Yet giving all she kept her state
A virgin and immaculate.
    And so we two were one again
    And she my beauty without stain.

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PORTRAIT OF HENRY JAMES

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

He was a man whose whole life was in art, to whom life was art, and art was even life. He had no wife, he had no children. He lived and thought and felt to write great novels, and he wrote them,—novels of a forbidding subtlety and complexity, yet too beautiful and too original for men to let them die.

Of course all his art was based on life. He repeats and reiterates this. From an almost abnormally early age he began to study the faces and the hearts about him, to make notes, to register impressions, to accumulate material which might somehow or other, sometime or other, serve his great and never-forgotten purpose. He was absolutely sincere in this. One of the great charms of his character in every aspect is sincerity, and it was as evident in his art as in his daily living. He wanted truth and nothing else, to grasp it patiently and render it faithfully. "The novelist is a particular *window*," he says, "and of worth so far as he is one."

He was always an acute, minute, and tireless observer. He observed the external world constantly and, though he was too busy with humanity to indulge in long natural descriptions, he used delicate, fleeting touches to set human passion in just the background that would make it most impressive and most enthralling. He observed the outward frame of man with endless, patient care, and few have been more cunning in teasing it to yield its secrets. Above all, he observed the soul, with curiosity and comprehension and even with tender sympathy, with awe, and with due, modest sense of the groping incompetence of the wisest, and perhaps he might have summed up his observation in the simple words of one of his characters: "Everything's terrible in the heart of man."

Yet, for all this constant and searching observation, as one studies James one gets an overwhelming sense that to him life

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was chiefly interesting, not in itself, but as matter for art. The crowding, shifting, shuddering turmoil of human existence was stuff to make novels of, or it was nothing. "All art is *expression*," he says, "and is thereby vividness." But to him the expression was more than the thing expressed. His object was always to make an exquisite, perfect work of art, and life must be fitted, moulded, transformed, into a flawless achievement of ideal beauty, not the shallow beauty which eschews superficial ugliness, but the larger harmony which draws all threads and strands together into the final triumph of workmanship. Considerations extraneous to art, so-called moral aims and purposes, were to be discarded as merely distracting and inappropriate. It is true that few men ever lived with a finer or more delicate moral instinct, true also that moral motives and subtle questions of conduct often supplied the richest field for artistic disquisition. But again, these were only the material—interesting and valuable as furnishing means for the absorbing artistic passion to develop all its resources of cunning and cleverness. To teach lessons, to make the world better: this was not the artist's business, nor even was he bound to consider whether he might make it worse. Things beautiful ought not to make it worse, at any rate.

Not only did the intense preoccupation with artistic excellence shut out moral considerations; it even distracted thought from the vast variety and richness of life in general. It seems as if James, through all his long volumes, worked with bare soul and neglected the casual garb of circumstance, the outer trapping of profession and vocation, which differentiates souls to the eye of the more superficial observer. Balzac in his way, Trollope in his, produced a wide range of types—doctors, lawyers, preachers, workers in a dozen varied lines of human activity. There are few of these in James, and they appear only at moments, for some fleeting agency in the dramatic action. Generally speaking, also, he is confined to a limited social class, does not depict or care for the great ordinary herd which makes up the substance of humanity. I do not know of any more naïve confession of such spiritual exclusiveness than the sentence in the preface to the revised edition of *The Princess Casamassima:* "We care, our

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curiosity and our sympathy care, comparatively little for what happens to the stupid, the coarse and the blind; care for it, and for the effects of it, at the most as helping to precipitate what happens to the more deeply wondering, to the really sentient." Yet the stupid, the coarse, and the blind make up the bulk of the world. Even if we presume to set ourselves above them, can we disregard them so completely?

There is no doubt that this detachment of Henry James from the crude facts of life was much fostered by his early and constant internationalism, his impersonal separation from all countries as such, not excepting his native America. One of his most ardent admirers declares that his chief mission was to civilize the United States. If so, it is to be feared that he did not greatly fulfil it. At any rate, America was a puzzle to him in earlier days, so far as he gave any thought to it at all; and when he came to study it in his old age, the puzzle was not diminished for him, and certainly not for his readers. All the intense, crowding, sweating, grinding human complexity, which throbs from Boston to San Francisco, was mainly lost on him. It terrified him, dismayed him, was "stupid, coarse, blind"—above all was too rough and violent to be fitted into exquisite, gauzy, shimmering webs of artistic achievement.

A striking illustration of this mighty predominance of the artistic attitude in James's temperament is this: that, keen as his powers of observing were, he was comparatively indifferent to fact as a matter of record, had not, at least, that sense of its sacredness which is inherent in the born historian. When he read the novels of his friends, he was not so much interested in them as they stood, but was busy always with the thought of re-writing them, making them over as they should have been in his artistic conception. His own past work he was not content to accept as a record of his own past self, to leave it to others as such a record; but in his old age he revised and altered it with the most singular assiduity, producing, after all, a result that was truly characteristic neither of his age nor of his youth.

Thus, although we must recognize that life and the study of life form the undeniable basis of James's as of all other art, we feel constantly that with him the artistic instinct is so engrossing,

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so involving, that life is absorbed and smothered by it. There is analysis, endless analysis, inexhaustible analysis, reflection, dissection, connection, till a trifle seems drawn out to the end of the world. What other human being has appreciated "the quite incalculable tendency of a mere grain of subject-matter to expand and develop and cover the ground when conditions happen to favor it"? Naturally this complication is least intrusive in the admirable short stories, and it took years to grow until it reached the extraordinary development of *The Golden Bowl* and *The Wings of the Dove*. But it is the mark of James's work everywhere, and of his mind. He reveled in "shades", and again and again he enlarges on them. His characters grope in ambiguity and are garmented in shadow. He loved ghost stories; but all his work is one vast ghost story, with the uneasy thrill, the teasing intensity of vagueness—and the charm.

And that which should give substance and structure to this gelatinous mass of analysis, the secret of composition, simply betrays this passionate and conscientious artist still further. He has elaborate principles and theories of order, of balance, of design; but they are too elaborate, and serve rather to increase the complication than to clarify it. He himself was fond of insisting upon his dramatic instinct, maintained that he saw life in scenes and developed his stories largely upon a scenic method. Yet the dramatic theory, like the analytic, was excessive in its nature, and rather deprived his work of sustained interest than informed it with breathing life. "It is art that *makes* life," he said; and while there may be a sense in which this is profoundly true for all of us, life punished him by setting his great and original work apart from the thought of most persons whose real business is to live.

For there was never a more curious case of the intense, unselfish passion for art pushed so far as really to injure itself, to obscure itself by obscuring the material on which it works. To refine, to distinguish, to conjure up problems for the mere pleasure of solving them—these are different tastes from the passion for life as such. "You see what a mistake you'd make to see abysses of subtlety in my having been merely natural," says one of James's own characters. She might have said it to her creator. "I

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love life—in art, though I hate it anywhere else," says another. And it would not have been fair to say this of her creator unrestrictedly, but there would have been a certain point in it. Far more significant and suggestive,—in fact, of an almost deadly weight and significance for James's whole work,—is his cruel phrase about himself: "And I find our art, all the while, more difficult of practice, and want, with that, to do it in a more and more difficult way; it being really, at bottom, only difficulty that interests me. Which is a most accursed way to be constituted."

Did the man then, you ask, have no life of his own, aside from his absorbing preoccupation with art? It is surprising how little, as far as the records that we have inform us. No doubt these records are limited. The two volumes of delightful letters, recently published, belong, for the most part, to the writer's mature and later life, and naturally show more reflection than passion. The three volumes of autobiography also were written in old age; and in such a temperament it was inevitable that thoughts should be more remembered than feelings. Yet even so, in a history of boyhood one would expect some outburst of hearty and violent experience, and there is none, none: just an endless chain of subtle analysis, the vast dissection of "a case" like "the cases" of the novels, in which all petulant, vivid assertion of personality is drowned, absorbed, in shades, refinements, complications, connections, without stint or limit. There is at times the vague intimation of longing to live, or regret for not having lived. Surely there is something personal to the author in the words of Strether in *The Ambassadors:* "Live all you can; it's a mistake not to. . . . I was either, at the right time, too stupid or too intelligent to have it [the sense of freedom], and now I'm a case of reaction against the mistake." Further, there is the insistence that the artist must live to accumulate his stock in trade: "We must know, as much as possible, in our beautiful art, yours and mine, what we are talking about—and the only way to know is to have lived and loved and cursed and floundered and enjoyed and suffered. I think I don't regret a single 'excess' of my responsive youth—I only regret, in my chilled age, certain occasions and possibilities I didn't embrace." And

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this does sound like the thrill of human existence. But I am inclined to set against it the words to Howells: "Such fine primitive passions *lose* themselves for me in the act of contemplation, or at any rate in the act of reproduction." Since the tremendous weight of evidence goes to show that for this intensely concentrated spirit, in youth as well as in age, contemplation, profound inward absorption, was the essence of life, and I find endless significance in the revealing phrase of William James as to his younger brother, when scarcely out of boyhood: "Never did I see a so-much uninterested creature in the affairs of those about him."

Let us consider him in relation to the common concerns of men and see how much alive he was. Sport, athletics, exercise? None whatever, even in the sporting years. Though he was of a nervous, anxious temperament, nothing in his physique would seem to have cut him off from bodily activity. But no aspect of it appears to have interested him, and none enters into his novels.

Money, business? He was frugal and self-controlled in his own expenditure, wisely liberal as regards others. He would have liked to make money from his work for a little more amplitude of living. But money as an object in life he abhorred, and the business man, as a type, including, in James's fancy, most of his American fellow-citizens, was as monotonous as he was detestable.

Even books, reading, were of minor importance, except those that bore directly upon his own pursuit. He does indeed say that "reading tends to take for me the place of experience", and he at times expresses enthusiasm for it. Beyond doubt, he was intimately familiar with the works of modern novelists. But the great writers of the past, even the imaginative writers, do not figure largely in his life.

Nor does it seem that he thought widely or curiously. His father was a subtle metaphysician, his brother an intensely active and creative one. Henry watched their lucubrations rather helplessly and very indifferently. Science interested him no more than metaphysics. The great physical discoveries of the age he lived in left him without enthusiasm. On all these

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personal points the evidence of the novels must of course be used with caution. But the general absence of broad intellectual movement in them only supports the testimony of the letters and autobiographies. Even as to his own art, which he discusses so often and so acutely, the discussion is more likely to be concerned with the concrete than with philosophical aspects. "Thank God!" he says, "I've no *opinions*. . . . I'm more and more only aware of things as a more or less mad panorama, phantasmagoria, and dime museum."

It is true that this remark was made in regard to politics, although its significance is far more than political. As to public affairs, James's indifference until his very last years was always sovereign. Here his internationalism appears as both cause and effect. A man who cares little for the history of the past is not likely to be much aroused over the social and political movements of the present. "I fear I am too lost in the mere spectacle for any decent morality," he says. Even the spectacle interested him more as embodied in individuals than as affecting great masses of humanity.

With religion, it was much as with other abstract motives. James himself confesses that he had little contact with practical religion in his youth, and it is obvious that he had little interest in it in age. His spiritual attitude is perhaps as well summed up in the following passage as anywhere: "I don't know *why* we live —the gift of life comes to us from I don't know what source or for what purpose; but I believe we can go on living for the reason that (always of course up to a certain point) life is the most valuable thing we know anything about." Of Balzac, whom he so greatly admired, he says: "His sincerest personal beliefs may be reduced to a very compact formula; he believed that it was possible to write magnificent novels, and that he was the man to do it." Again: "Of what is to be properly called religious feeling we do not remember a suggestion in all his many pages." I do not know why these words cannot be aptly applied to James himself.

We may indeed appreciate keenly the lack in others of what we lack ourselves. In *The Amercian Scene* James expresses with the utmost vigor the religious deficiences of his countrymen: "The

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field of American life is as bare of the Church as a billiard table of a centre-piece; a truth that the myriad little structures 'attended' on Sundays and on the 'off' evenings of the 'sociables' proclaim as with the audible sound of the roaring of a million mice." But the complaint here is rather æsthetic than devotional, and the æsthetic side of religion was what touched James most. Yet it is extremely curious to note that even his æsthetic enjoyments were dwarfed and dulled by the absorbing passion of creative analysis. Again speaking of Balzac, he remarks his lack of appreciation of the beauty of the world, and explains it by saying that Balzac was "as little as possible of a poet." And, as before, one feels that James was as little as possible of a poet also. External nature, when touched at all in his novels and in his letters, is touched, like everything else, with extreme and fine imaginative delicacy. But there is rarely any indication of rapture about it. In art he was widely familiar with great painting, and at times shows a deep interest in it. But outside of painting, he does not seem to have cared much for the simply beautiful.

It is when we come to the human relations that James as a man really begins to seem alive. To be sure, like most intellectual workers, he lived much in solitude and cherished it, sought again and again to find some remote corner of the world where he could order and develop his growing visions without the bustling intrusion of critics or flatterers or even friends. Yet in the main he enjoyed people, enjoyed frequenting society and dining out, haunting the thick throng for the inspiration and stimulus it gave his curious spirit. His conversation was delightful, full of wit, color, suggestion, a trifle moderate and elaborate, like his writing, but rich with succulence and charm. And his talk, like his books, and like the whole man himself, was always sincere—earnest, scrupulous, and winning in its sincerity. The noble, thoughtful, kindly face alone was enough to make a friend of you.

How I should like to get some glimpse of Henry James in love! But this side of his life is completely hidden from us. He makes no allusion to it in the autobiography, and there is no hint of it in his letters. Yet his novels are saturated with love, contain, in

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fact, little or nothing else, though it is love quintessenced and alembicated till it hardly knows itself. No doubt there was plenty of it in his life. And his love-letters would have been one of the curiosities of literature. Fancy the subtleties, the spiritual doublings, the harassing doubts and questions and qualifications! Yet this may be all wrong, and actual, absorbing love may have simplified and clarified his soul beyond anything else on earth. Who can say?—unless some woman still lives who has some of those letters. All that comes to us is the lovely, searching, pathetic suggestion in six words: "The starved romance of my life."

What we do know and actually see and hear is the depth of his tenderness and devotion to his family and friends, though even this warm and rushing stream does at times risk extinction in the huge quagmire of his haunting analysis. Hear him enlarge on the word "liking", and wonder at him: "The process represented by that word was for each of us, I think, a process so involved with other operations of the spirit, so beautifully complicated and deformed by them, that our results in this sort doubtless eventually lost themselves in the labyrinth of our reasons." And well they might; but fortunately they didn't. I know no letters more filled with a penetrating, absorbing affection. This love, he admits, counts for more in the world than even art, though he admits it grudgingly: "You are precious to literature—but she is precious to the affections, which are larger, yet in a still worse way." When those he loves are absent, he longs for them with a hungry longing which nothing else can satisfy, longs for news of them, longs for words of solicitude and thoughts of tenderness. In spite of his brother's youthful charge of lack of interest, he enters into their joys and triumphs. He enters into their griefs and sufferings also, and with a depth of comprehension and sweetness and tactful sympathy which must have been infinitely helpful.

So it seems that the whole personal life of James, aside from his art, centred in simple human affection. And the flower of this affection was his passionate interest in the Great War. I do not think he was much concerned with the political and moral questions involved. He rarely discusses or refers to them, and

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such things had never interested him before. But those he loved were suffering, those whom his friends loved were suffering, humanity was suffering. And all the depth of tenderness which lay always, not smothered, but eclipsed, forgotten, at the bottom of his heart, was called into intense, active, beneficent energy. If it had not been for those terrible years, something would have been missing, not to his character, for it was there, deep hidden, all along, but to our understanding and appreciation of his character. He was always a great writer, but the war revealed him to every one as a most lovable man.

Yet, after all, his real humanity, his intense, vivid, passionate existence, was in his art, and it is most curious to watch him living perfectly in the exercise of that, when he was so largely oblivious to everything else. "What's art but an intense life—if it be real?" says one of his characters. The art of Henry James was an intense life, at any rate.

All his days he labored at it, and much of his nights was given to new developments, new inventions, new and more intricate analyses. The taking of notes was his business. He took notes on his family, on his friends, on himself. "If one was to undertake to tell tales," he says, "and to report with truth on the human scene, it could be but because 'notes' had been from the cradle the ineluctable consequence of one's greatest inward energy." In this close and unremitting effort there was, of course, a large amount of ambition, of desire for direct and obvious success, but it was also a matter of instinct, of a habit of life which with daily exercise grew ever more exacting and more tyrannous.

And it was not only the formal daily habit, the rooted necessity of accomplishing a definite task at a definite hour. There was a splendid glow and thrill of excitement in the work. External stimulus might help, the commendation of friends, the enthusiasm of admirers, even the stinging of captious critics. But the external was often more annoying than helpful. "I wince even at eulogy, and I wither (for exactly 2 minutes and ½) at any qualification of adulation." What really counted was the rushing, the inexplicable creative impetus itself. Why should a weary soul toil and strain to make a troop of shadows strut and

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fret and vex themselves for an hour and then fade utterly? Who knows? But James did it with devouring passion, like so many others. And the decay of age and the wretched debility of the body did not diminish one jot the fury of aspiring hope. At sixty-five he writes: "I never have had such a sense of almost bursting, late in the day though it be, with violent and lately too much repressed creative intention."

And of course triumph and success, when they came, as they did come even in James's remote, perplexed, and unpopular career, were acceptable, were welcome. To what artist are they not? "*Daisy Miller* has been, as I have told you before, a really quite extraordinary hit," and such hits do tickle even the heart that is most detached. But the best glory—perhaps—is the feeling of secure achievement and the best commendation is one's own: "The thing carries itself to my maturer and gratified sense as with every symptom of soundness, an insolence of health and joy."

The mischief of it is that this splendid enjoyment of what one has accomplished does not, cannot last. There are the difficulties of accomplishing anything. There are the external difficulties, the horrid plague of printers and publishers, interruptions, distractions. There are the internal difficulties, still worse, when inspiration simply stops, and one sits and stares and longs and does nothing and gets nowhere. Moreover, no critic, however captious, sees one's defects so clearly and overpoweringly as one sees them one's self. One sees them so well, is so cuttingly aware of the weak points, that on dark days it seems as if the work were all weak points and nothing else.

And then come depression and discouragement, even in a buoyant soul, and James, as he himself admits, had a soul to which anxiety and dread came far too easily. He is depressed if he is prevented from working. When he begins a piece of work, he is haunted by "a nervous fear that I shall not have enough of my peculiar tap to 'go around'". And again, "To finish a book in quiet and to begin another in fear." While the completion is really as agitating as the commencement, "always ridden by a superstitious terror of not finishing, for finishing's and for the precedent's sake, what I have begun." And to those who look

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upon authorship as an ecstasy, he has this general comment, which is certainly not exhilarating: "The profession of delight has always struck me as the last to consort, for the artist, with any candid account of his troubled effort—ever the sum, for the most part, of so many lapses and compromises, simplifications and surrenders."

Also, however indifferent one may be to the commendation of the general public, the sense of failure is wearing, blighting, to any mortal man. And it cannot be denied that, as regards the reading world at large, failure was the usual lot of Henry James. Nothing epitomizes better his struggle and effort, his gleams of hope and success, and his lack of it in the grosser sense, than his dealings with the theatre. He did not turn his attention to the stage till comparatively late in life, and therefore there was always the consolation that if he had begun younger, he could have accomplished more. But when the fever seizes him, he is convinced that at last he has found his proper sphere, and that the drama is the real medium in which his genius should achieve its destined working. "The strange thing is that I always, universally, knew *this* was my more characteristic form—but was kept away from it by a half-modest, half-exaggerated sense of the difficulty . . . of the conditions. But now that I have accepted them and met them, I see that one isn't at all, needfully, their victim, but is, from the moment one *is* anything, one's self, worth speaking of, their *master*." And he sets himself to be the master triumphantly. He toils more than he ever dreamed of toiling at fiction. He studies the secrets of technique with which those who think they understand the theatre have beguiled so many passionate aspirants. He has his moments of hope, of confidence, of enthusiasm, and portrays them with his customary vividness. A fairly successful provincial performance cheers him, encourages him. Then things go wrong and hope yields to utter despair. And again, after one failure, after two failures, a word of praise, a trifle of alluring temptation, seduce him to renewed, more strenuous effort. But the end is fatal, inevitable, as it has been for so many whom that fascinating siren has betrayed to far more complete destruction. Actors are patronizing, encroaching, tyrannous, ignorant. Audiences are more tyrannous and

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more ignorant still. Let us leave the loathèd stage and go back to the quiet writing of profound, great fiction, where at least the failure is that of indifference and not of audible contempt.

Through all this theatrical convulsion, James's pretext was that he needed money and that the theatre was a dazzlingly facile and convenient means of getting it. All he cared to give to the stage was "time to dig out eight or ten rounded masterpieces, and make withal enough money to enable me to retire in peace and plenty for the unmolested business of a *little* supreme writing, as distinguished from gouging." Alas, the stage was no more fruitful than other things in this direction, and it is really pitiful to see that such enormous labor and such admirable genius could produce no more tangible pecuniary result. But it is clear enough that, though money might be the pretext, the passion went far deeper than money. Success, triumph, applause,—in one simple word, glory,—were underlying motives with James, as with all other artists. He longed not only to do great things, but to have the seal of immediate wonder and enthusiasm set upon them. And in spite of the approval of many of the judicious, few writers who have toiled so vastly and worthily have received less of universal recognition.

The fine and most notable thing through all this comparative failure is the largeness, the sweetness, the dignity of James's attitude. Such public neglect of a man's work is likely to produce sourness and bitterness. With him it did not. Criticism he considered thoughtfully and estimated wisely. It did not, indeed, often affect his aims or methods. When does it ever? But he showed a large charity in entering into the intention of the critic, was always ready to allow for other points of view besides his own. Nor did he often fall into the error of so many disappointed authors, that of railing against the taste of his contemporaries. He could not always resist some rebellion against the triumph of the mediocre, could not accept the vogue of the obviously cheap and tawdry. But in the main he feels that he writes for the few, and with the discerning commendation of the few he must be satisfied. And his are the admirable words of rebuke to those who would revenge their ill-success upon the world about them: "Most forms of contempt are

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unwise; but one of them seems to us peculiarly ridiculous—contempt for the age one lives in." Broad kindliness, thoughtful, earnest, patient sincerity: these are not always the distinguishing qualities of the artist; in James they were eminently and charmingly exemplified. In nothing, perhaps, more than in his tone towards his fellow writers. Here again pretentious emptiness sometimes wins deserved condemnation. But in the main he was largely generous and sympathetic. He had many close friends among the authors of his time, friends to whom he wrote with the peculiar and exquisite tenderness of friendship that characterizes his letters. Many of these friends were much younger than he, and many of them quickly passed him in the race for success and financial profit. He never resented this, never showed any soreness or grudging. He counseled wisely and congratulated warmly and cherished an ever growing affection, where, in many, rivalry would have fostered a certain chill, if not estrangement. Few things of the kind are more touching and pleasing than his manly, simple acceptance of the unnecessary and ill-mannered criticism introduced by his friend Mr. Wells into his novel *Boon*.

So the long, patient, toilsome life flitted away, leaving a huge mass of production behind it, which, after all, had perhaps not greatly affected the busy world. But with all the toil, and all the struggle and all the disappointment, few writers have derived more substantial satisfaction from their work itself. The mystery of words, and their strange, subtle, creative and created relation to thoughts, has not been fully elucidated yet, and perhaps never will be. But it is certain that, for the born worker in them, they have inexplicable and inexhaustible secrets and sources of delight and joy. Who is there who has probed these secrets and drained these sources more passionately than Henry James?

GAMALIEL BRADFORD.

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ROYAL AUVERGNE SANS TACHE

BY MARSHALL PUTNAM THOMPSON

For two hundred years the regiment Royal Auvergne had merited its surname "*Sans Tache.*" It had marched and fought in Bavaria and Saxony, Bohemia, Hesse and Brunswick. The "Street of the Priests," the borders of Spain, Italy, Africa, the Balearic Isles were familiar to it. It had "dug in" in Flanders, waded through the mud of Holland, done garrison duty from Strasburg to Marseilles, participated in the great reviews at Paris.

Its uniform was magnificent, its accoutrement superb. It had its *fraters* (hairdressers) and its lacqueys. It spent, by regulation, three hours a day at its toilette. It was not for Royal Auvergne to black its own boots, plaster its queues, pomade its mustaches, clean its white gaiters or polish its silver buckles.

Recruited originally from volunteers of Auvergne, its members, as permitted by the old regulations, had married and brought their wives to the regiment, and the wives and in time the children accompanied the regiment on the march, camped with it and were as much a part of it as the men themselves.

The children grew up in the regiment, the boys became its soldiers, the girls the soldiers' wives, and in time other generations succeeded. Six generations had passed from its cradles to its ranks.

The regiment was not only a regiment, it was a Seigneury, its Colonel was not only its Colonel but its Seigneur. It was a family, a tribe, in winter a town, in summer a small nation. In its collective capacity it was a nobleman, sixth in rank among other regiments of the same dignity, greater than some thirty others of like character, far greater than a hundred or so of the mere line. It had its precedence and its "Honorifics"; it held the right of the line; the flags of other regiments bowed before its colors; it took the salute; it headed the charge.

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They were no mere *fantassins*, they were treated with respect, —"*Messieurs* of Auvergne will it please you to charge." Even the King addressed them as "*Messieurs.*"

They did not have names like other men; the regiment baptised them when they joined; they were called "Breath of Mars," "Powder of Iron," "Richelieu," "Bayard," "Roland."

If their officers were worthy, the Grenadiers gave them their franchises; elected them as Grenadiers and obeyed them. If not worthy, they fought as they pleased, but always fought well, and generally conducted their affairs in their own way.

If a Seigneur was a real Colonel he might even call them not "*Messieurs*" but "*Mes enfants*"—such a one was a member of the family.

In the days of Henry of Navarre their Seigneurs were Lords of Auvergne, as brave as themselves, who always tasted the soup in the kettles. Under Louis XIV, the Seigneurs were still great noblemen and still were soldiers. Under Louis XV, times had changed, the Seigneurs were noblemen; in fact, while under Henry of Navarre a man must be a soldier to be a noble, under Louis XV he must be a noble to be a soldier; but such nobles came appointed by the Court ladies because they could dance, and before the regiment could make men of them, some other Court lady removed them, and it was not only their Colonels, but the Generals of the Army that Madame Pompadour thus appointed and removed, and since the beginning of the Seven Years War they had not participated in a victory.

They had a regimental fund, a large one,—and was it any wonder when after four years of the war they wintered in the Duchy of Berg, and their Colonels danced in Paris, that they proposed to drill as they pleased and to handle their fund as they pleased, by an assembly of the whole regiment, where each man had his say? No Court officer from Paris should introduce, as they tried, Prussian flogging, and no Colonel of Madame Pompadour's selection determined the spending and care of the fund, —and word came to Paris that Royal Auvergne was undisciplined and out of hand, and at the moment there was a competent Minister of War, Choiseul.

Then had come, as Colonel, the Comte de Rochambeau, a

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Brigadier-General, and more than that, a "Grenadier of France," who had received the "Franchises of the Grenadiers" for his gallantry eighteen years ago, the franchises of the Grenadiers of Marshal Saxe, when only a lad of seventeen, and then, as now, "frail and of delicate health."

He was a man, he dared call them "*Mes enfants.*" He would have nothing to do with their assembly; he had them elect a committee of three to handle the fund and he dealt alone with the committee. Some grumbled,—it had become a privilege to bandy words with the Seigneur, but one glance from the eye of General Rochambeau was sufficient.

How he drilled them! Morning and noon and night he drilled them, and not only in manual and evolution, but in shooting, yes, think of it: in shooting at a mark, not by the volley from the waist, but each man had to take aim and to be drilled individually,—and it was said he wanted to change the regulations and take two hours from the toilette, dismiss the "*fraters*", and devote their time to shooting.

Another innovation: the Grenadiers,—the tall men,—had their privileges; it was ancient history that they should, and the General did not interfere. He was a short man himself, still he was a Grenadier, but he took the short and active men and organized them in companies he called "*Chasseurs*"; had put them in light uniforms; had given them a strange drill, when each man fought by himself behind a tree or a hummock of grass, and advanced not shoulder to shoulder, but as did the huntsmen, spreading out like a fan when they beat up the game. This, it was said, he paid for from his own pocket as well as the extra pay and allowances the Chasseurs received, and the people in Paris said it was all nonsense. The Colonel said, however, that it was the way all armies would fight in the future and was the way they fought in America. He had had letters about the defeat of "*Le General* Braddock" and the English line, about the time he himself was at the siege of Mahon.

Of course men had grumbled at these new-fangled ideas, but not for long,—for there were such punishments, not the rod, no, General Rochambeau did not approve of flogging, he said it was not what the King of Prussia laid on his soldiers' backs that won

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them victories, but what had been put in the King of Prussia's head, and that no French soldiers should be flogged in his command. No, there was no flogging, or hanging by the thumbs, or riding the wooden horse, much worse,—a man disobedient was forced all day to wear his red cotton night cap[1],—think of it for a soldier of Auvergne! Who could stand the laughter? Who could approach a girl?

If men got drunk on duty, the Colonel would not even confine them to barracks, but told them as he had told his men at Mahon, that no such men should charge with the regiment in battle, and thereafter none were drunk on duty.

Well, the Colonel was right in everything he did, for at Minden, Royal Auvergne saved the army from utter destruction, and saved it again once and twice and thrice on the terrible retreat to the Rhine, and in the retreat it was the Chasseurs that did the work, shooting behind trees and advancing and retreating, each man for himself from tree to tree, when Marshal Contades thought all was lost for lack of space to deploy in line of battle in the "*Ordre Profond.*"

Six years of the Seven Years War had come and gone, and for six years the Duke of Brunswick with an inferior army and superior talents had kept a superior French army, the Army of the Rhine, from either staying long in Hanover or even passing from Hanover into Prussia. He was not only a brilliant soldier, but an excellent negotiator and had finally succeeded in getting the English to agree to a plan which would involve a large contingent of English troops, would protect Hanover and would be an offensive campaign in fresh territory.

He proposed first of all to capture Wesel, where the French like the English at Mahon were trusting too much to fortifications; then to make Wesel a base of supplies, cross the Main, join hands with an army of twenty thousand English, and descend on Austrian Flanders, like a thunderbolt. This would force the French to withdraw from Germany, give the loot of Belgium to the Hessians and the Brunswickers and eventually carry the war into the enemy's country.

It was the most "dangerous blow aimed at the French since

[1] *Sur la Desertion*, Rochambeau.

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the beginning of the War,"[1] and when on or about the twentieth of September the news came to Marshal de Broglie[2] of what was afoot, he was much disturbed and detached M. de Castries[3] to assemble all the detached garrisons along the lower Rhine and all the troops en route from Flanders to reinforce menaced Wesel, the pivotal point of danger. He then got ready to follow with two divisions of his own army to be shortly followed by a third. As part of the two first divisions the regiment of Auvergne received its marching orders.

These divisions marched with the greatest rapidity to Cologne and to Neuse, and by the thirteenth of October, Castries found himself in command of thirty battalions and thirty-two squadrons, a considerable army, but composed of units that had not heretofore acted together.

Seeing that Wesel had already been besieged since the third of the month, Castries, without waiting for his third division, left on the fourteenth.

At the head of his advance guard, he rode on to Rhineberg, and found there a small guard of twelve hundred men, who were brushed away by the corps of Ficher after a very slight resistance, and during the night embarked his advance guard on the Rhine, on whose current they floated into Wesel without opposition.

On the fifteenth the rest of the two divisions proceeded to the Canal of Rhineberg, behind which they pitched their bivouac. At Rhineberg itself they placed M. de Chabo, with an advance guard of three thousand men as a strong outguard, and at the Abbaye de Camp further up the canal, the corps of Ficher to cover the left. The camp of the main army had its left at the hamlets of Camperbrouck, its right about half way to Rhinebeck, the canal guarded its front, and Castries intended to await there the arrival of the third division and then march against the enemy, English and all, and fight them.

After these precautions there seemed little danger of a surprise, but a surprise each moment was drawing nearer, for the energetic

[1] *Rochambeau's Memoirs*, Author's Translation.

[2] Lafayette's commander when he first learned of the American Revolution.

[3] Succeeded Sartines as Minister of Marine during the American Revolution.

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Hereditary Prince of Brunswick had assembled all his force on the right bank of the Rhine, had crossed over to the left on the fifteenth, and during the night with all his troops, cannon, cavalry and English Grenadiers was pressing silently and swiftly toward the camp of the two divisions, a plan not unlike that of Trenton.

Every army always has one weak spot, and the French army on this occasion was almost caught by the weariness of the men of Ficher,[1] never from their organization remarkable for their discipline, and who, completely tired out by their forced march and skirmish of the day before, had neglected their sentinels and communicatory patrols and were at the beginning of the coming action separated from the rest of the army.

As the evening had come on, and the smoke of the camp fires with its acrid smell had begun to eddy through the company streets, mingled with the scent of the evening stew, General Rochambeau, perhaps instinctively a little uneasy, had gone among his Grenadiers and Chasseurs, as they sat about the simmering kettles of soup, which he tasted,[2] and told them that at the very first sound of musketry, if any such there should be, they must at once, without further orders, take positions behind some hedges, which he had discovered bordering the fields between the bridges over the canal, and the French left flank.[3]

Whether his dreams that night brought him premonitions, or whether he remained wakeful, instinctively listening for the tread of feet or the faint clink of accoutrements, he was the only officer that in the middle of the night was ready to take command and to form his men.

At about two o'clock in the morning in the intense darkness of an October night in the northern latitude that crosses southern Germany and Labrador, fifteen thousand British Grenadiers, Brunswickers, and Hessians, the same allies that the French and Americans were to charge twenty-one years later at Yorktown, arrived at the bridge over the canal between the Abbaye de Camp, and the French left flank. The bridge was in position

[1] Organized during the Siege of Prague in the War of the Austrian Succession from the lacqueys horse boys and servants of the Army.

[2] *La Vie Militaire.*

[3] *Rochambeau's Memoirs,* Author's Translation.

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where it had been placed in the evening by the order of the headquarters officers, and who had gone off to bed without posting any sentinels.[1] All about lay sleeping soundly the corps of Ficher, except one small patrol, and upon this patrol leaped suddenly in the darkness the advance of the army of the Hereditary Prince. Surprised as they were, overwhelmed as they were, they still managed to fire two small volleys, and at the sound the Grenadiers and Chasseurs of *Royal Auvergne Sans Tache* (who slept seven men under one quilt) threw off their coverings, leaped to the stacks of arms, fumbled doubtless with the straps of the tarpaulins that protected them from the damp, seized the first muskets they laid hands on, and, stumbling over tent pegs and tent lines as they broke from the company streets, rushed to the hedges to peer through the darkness for the enemy, if enemy there were.

Now, Royal Auvergne, as a "Royal" regiment, wore blue coats instead of the white of the line, and the Hessians and the Brunswickers also wore blue; and as there suddenly emerged near the French a serried column, some officer in the ranks cried out "They are our own men."

As they approached, General Rochambeau had reached his men, getting to the hedge almost as quickly as his Chasseurs, and as the men stood not quite sure whether the approaching columns were friends or enemies, Corporal Richelieu (his army name), who had sharp eyes, perceived to the rear of the Brunswickers the red coats and white cross belts of the British Grenadiers, and pointed them out to the General.

At about the same time the Chevalier d'Assis, Captain of one of the companies of Chasseurs, and posted on the extreme left, hearing the report that the approaching column was French, ran out to meet it to discover the truth, was in a moment surrounded by gleaming bayonets in the hands of men who told him to keep still and they would spare his life, and perceived that they were the enemy. A moment later, the gallant officer cried the terrible words: "Fire, Chasseurs; they are the enemy," and fell pierced by a dozen bayonets.

As the words "Fire, Chasseurs" rang in the ears of friend and

[1] *Rochambeau's Memoirs*, Author's Translation.

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foe, the British Grenadiers, who were marching down the hedge to turn the flank and penetrate the camp from the rear, turned and at almost point-blank range poured a terrible and withering volley in to Auvergne. General Rochambeau fell to the ground with a ball in his thigh. Confused as he was by the shock of the bullet, the blood running in a stream from his shattered thigh, unable to stand without support, momentarily growing weaker from the loss of blood, and knowing that if he lost consciousness the army was doomed, he managed to support himself between two Chasseurs, who ran to his assistance, and cried out as rapidly as possible the orders necessary for salvation, his voice momentarily growing weaker:

"Fire by half companies." "Die at your post rather than give up." "Wait the coming of the brigade." "Aim when you fire."

The three battalions of Auvergne posted on the left, remembering the long days of drill in the Duchy of Berg, the discipline that had stood them in such good stead at Minden, the glorious traditions of over two hundred years, responded by pouring in such a terrible volley that the famous Grenadiers of King George broke as they broke at Bunker Hill.

Prince Ferdinand, however, was a veteran and a wonderful commander, a repulse was not a defeat, and having soon reformed his lines, came on again, but like a football captain who has failed in an end run around the left, he shifted his attack and decided to try the flank on the right.

Dawn was now breaking, the fields behind the French were filled with different regiments hurrying in disorder to cover the front. The mist from the canal and the damp meadows commingling in swirling fog wreaths, some white from the water, some black and sulphurous from the belching cannon, tended to confuse and delay them in taking their proper positions. This left on the right the fourth battalion of Auvergne unsupported, and as the heavy columns of the Brunswickers came on through the mist, the ground shaking with their tread, their bayonets fixed, their sergeants in the German way kicking the men and beating them with their halberds, the officers waving their swords in hands half covered with frills of Mechlin lace, the brigade of Alsace, as German in speech as the Brunswickers, but even then

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as loyal French as could be desired, and volunteers, ranged itself beside the fourth battalion. Rochambeau meanwhile, a fog in his throat, more choking than the mist or the sulphurous smoke, still coughed out his orders, the fourth battalion stood its ground as firmly as had the three battalions on the left, and with Alsace helping, and firing by half companies, so that there was no pause for loading, the troops fired and fired again, and a second time men fell from the advancing column, rolled with clutching fingers on the brown October grass, stumbled to their knees, and pitched forward suddenly face downward. Then the ranks seemed to crumble, to disintegrate, and in a moment to vanish, broken and disordered in the fog. The one regiment of Royal Auvergne, practically unaided, had repulsed an entire army.

These troops, however, were veterans of many a battle, their general second only to Frederick the Great among the commanders of Europe, and again they formed, again came on, the British Grenadiers, the light infantry of Hesse, the Deaths Head Regiments of Brunswick, the heavy dragoons, the flashy hussars.

On the French side, "Normandy", composed of green recruits, now swung into the line, there was a moment of disorder, and from front and flank a concentrated fire swept away rank after rank of the French. Auvergne seemed to be disappearing by platoons, but they stood, and Prince Ferdinand could not advance a foot. Up over the fields came the regiment of Tour-du-Pin,[1] of which Rochambeau in Flanders expected to be made Colonel. It was led by de Castries himself, who had wisely accepted Rochambeau's orders like a subaltern, and as yet unscathed, with bayonets fixed, with the quick, short steps of the French infantry at the charge launched itself, a mass of white coats and gleaming steel at the left flank of the British and Hessians, while Auvergne, undeterred by its terrible losses, its Colonel unconscious, every officer of the Chasseurs and Grenadiers killed or wounded, sprang forward in a charge against the flank of the enemy on the right. In all directions the enemy gave ground, and the battle was won. The French did not pursue, they let well enough alone, and for a time wondered whether any were left alive to take the news to Paris.

[1] Minister of War in the early days of the French Revolution, and guillotined.

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Magnificent Auvergne was practically gone. The entire complement of officers for the whole regiment was sixty-six, and fifty-eight were out of action, and of the gallant privates eight hundred had fallen on that terrible morning.[1]

In most of the tents where, at the volley of Ficher's Patrol, either seven or eight men had thrown aside the great common coverlet, only one or two returned to roll it up, pull out the tent pegs and strike the tent. About two out of every three had fallen, probably more, for the regiment was not at full strength, having met other losses; perhaps two hundred remained. At Bunker Hill the British lost one out of every three engaged, and the Americans one out of five. Generally in the Seven Years War only one out of eight hundred shots fired found its mark, in our Revolution and in the War of 1812, the general record of the American Army was one hit for four hundred shots. At Vera Cruz in 1914, one out of every one hundred and sixty-seven of the Americans engaged was hit, and in the late war the average loss in the last figures given was one out of twenty.

The battle of Closter-Camp was one of the deadliest of recorded history. The French, however, were well content, the result of the battle put an end not only to the siege of Wesel, but also to the projected descent on Flanders. It was the one real French victory having results of the Seven Years War and was fought, as has been said, just twenty-one years before their next victory, that of Yorktown.

Of the Royal Auvergne we hear no more in the Seven Years War, nor does its name appear in the Corsican expedition, the little war that intervened between the Seven Years War and the American Revolution. It had almost ceased to exist; some of its veterans, however, survived; some of its orphans grew up and stayed with the old organization; its name remained; its proud motto remained; its ancient colors remained, one mass of golden embroidery of names of battles, so many that the silken groundwork could be seen only with difficulty.

Brigadier-General Rochambeau had become a Major-General and a Lieutenant-General, and no longer had a regiment.

In 1779 General Rochambeau sailed for the United States with

[1] *Rochambeau's Memoirs*, Author's Translation.

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the French expedition, and in the same year a blundering Minister of War took Auvergne and, to the grief and indignation of the survivors, merged this skeleton of a regiment with Gatenois, also a good regiment but without the traditions and "Honorifics" of Royal Auvergne.

Gatenois was then placed on shipboard and sent to the West Indies, thence in 1781 to sail at the urgent request of Rochambeau with Touraine, Royal Agenois, the Royal Engineers, an artillery regiment, and the Irish regiment of Dillon, to join Bourbonnais, Soissonais, Saint Onge, the Bavarians of Royal Deux Ponts, the Artillery train, and the Legion of Luzon at Yorktown, and just twenty-one years after the battle of Closter Camp, the old Grenadiers of Auvergne that had survived, formed the advance of Gatenois as it stood in the trenches ready to head the charge upon the English, Brunswickers and Hessians of Cornwallis on the night of October 15th, 1781.

As they stood there waiting, a short, stout officer, with a voice familiar to the ears of the Grenadiers of Auvergne, began to address them.

"*Mes enfants*,"—a whisper passed through the ranks,—"It is General Rochambeau." "*Mes enfants*, as I have relied on you this night"—the Grenadiers stood, if possible, more attentive than ever, for all the other regiments were green with envy at the honor accorded to Gatenois.

"I hope you have not forgotten that you have served heretofore in that brave regiment 'Auvergne Sans Tache,' a surname honorable, which it has merited since its creation."[1]

Silence; then the oldest Grenadier of Auvergne, a lad at Closter Camp, now a man well past middle age, once more spoke to the "Seigneur of Royal Auvergne,"—man fashion.

"Promise us that our name shall be returned and we will see that it is defended as of old."[2]

"They received my word," says General Rochambeau in his Memoirs. "Charged like lions and lost a third of their number. M. de Serrail, Captain of the Chausseurs, was wounded and died of his wounds, universally regretted. The King on the report

[1] *Rochambeau's Memoirs.*
[2] *Rochambeau's Memoirs.*

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which I gave him signed an order which restored to that regiment the name of 'Royal Auvergne.'"

It is pleasant to add that the first Colonel of the restored "Auvergne" was the son of General Rochambeau, that he received the "Franchises of the Grenadiers," and that many years later, when Colonel Rochambeau was in turn General Rochambeau and Lieutenant-General Rochambeau was Marshal Rochambeau, the General's son, the Marshal's "Little Grandson Philip" also charged with the Grenadiers and received the same recognition.

MARSHALL PUTNAM THOMPSON.

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IBSEN AND SOME CURRENT SUPERSTITIONS

BY HERBERT L. STEWART

It is the fate of almost every original man to launch ideas whose merit is at first derided, whose scope is afterwards exaggerated, and to which, when scorn and panegyric have worn themselves out, a calmer criticism is in the end forced to return. This has happened in a striking degree to Henrik Ibsen, and it is the purpose of the present article to consider just how much of lasting value the old Norwegian dramatist contributed to the moral debate not only of his own period, but of all periods, certainly not least to the distracted age of slogans in which we have now to live.

One might speak of Ibsen's remarkable talent for making vivacious dialogue, for creating characters that are life-like, for depicting different human types each of which we know to exist and have often personally met. He is among the few playwrights whose dramas are of intense interest not only to see but to read. Even on the printed page, and in the mind's eye, you can watch the actors at work. But our question about him just now is not about his brilliance as an artist; it is about the worth of those ideas or suggestions that he has offered for the ordering of life.

In that sparkling brochure, *The Quintessence of Ibsenism*, Mr. Bernard Shaw has contended with great force that the old Norwegian was just an exponent and vindicator of *casuistry*. Mr. Shaw does not, indeed, put his argument in these words, for—like many others who are at bottom casuists—he has not used that ill-omened name. Such carefulness was, of course, in his case quite unconscious, for it has always been the Shavian practice rather to express quite moderate opinions in terms deliberately shocking than to disguise advanced thought in language that will appear decorous. If it had occurred to him that Ibsen

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might with truth be called a casuist, he would no doubt have welcomed the chance to make his own book still more satiric by glorifying what others had agreed to deride, for it is Mr. Shaw's invariable motto to *épater le bourgeois*. That he should thus have avoided a clearly accurate and—for his own purpose—a most effective word, is a signal example to remind us that even our most daring "herald of revolt" is not quite emancipated from the linguistic conventions.

What Ibsen seems to hate above all else is an "ideal". "Life", exclaims one of his characters, "would be all right, if we could only be rid of those infernal fools who come to poor people's doors presenting their 'demands of the ideal'". That was to a great extent the dramatist's personal creed, and it impresses one at first sight as an astonishing position to take up. High ideals, loyalty to ideals, self-sacrifice for ideals—these are common phrases, with almost all of us, for the sort of character we judge good. What can Ibsen possibly have meant by suggesting that the preacher of ideals is a public nuisance?

He means this: Every man, from time to time, finds himself in a situation where there is doubt about what he ought to do. He is faced with a genuine perplexity of conscience. Some will solve the enigma by referring the matter to an authoritative guide,—a Church, a tradition, the advice of some wise neighbor, the prevalent judgment of the society in which they live. But the modern world seems to be agreed that thus to turn over the responsibility of deciding to some external director, to shrink from thinking things out for oneself, and to put one's conscience in somebody else's keeping, to do not what one independently feels to be right, but what one has been enjoined to do by some outside controller, is an unworthy attitude for a human being to take up. So we very generally maintain what we call the duty of private judgment. But, if we scrutinize the matter more closely, we find that in thus privately judging, we do not as a rule exercise our own consciences, but accept as authoritative something we call an "ideal", and that this ideal has been made not by us, but for us. We decide to do something because it is prescribed by the ideal of liberty, the ideal of democracy, the ideal of humanity, the ideal of taste. Once we have brought our case

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under a rule, we follow the rule, and dispense ourselves from further inquiring into the consequences of this choice or that. It is a cast-iron formula, fashioned by forces quite outside ourselves, and subjected to no independent criticism of our own. And we have many such cast-iron formulæ, which prescribe different courses of action in a single case.

Ibsen's argument is that there is not a single so-called ideal which can serve with advantage to relieve us from the need of looking into every situation on its merits. There is no maxim that can be used as a moral ready-reckoner without often leading astray those who use it. And, lest anyone should suppose that Ibsen is exaggerating, and that mankind is not open to this reproach of acting in the dark upon an assumed infallible rule, he has given us at least six plays in which we may recognize very natural and very common types of mankind who are misled by this superstition about ideals. He takes up six of our most venerable sanctities by which good and sincere people shape their conduct, and exhibits these not as guiding lights that we can trust, but rather as will o' the wisps that take us to quagmires, to precipices, to roaring whirlpools of disaster. What are these six? Uncompromising truthfulness, respectability, enthusiasm for self-realization, government by the will of the people, the unsparing sacrifice of an individual for a cause, the sacredness of home and family—have we any ideals more sacred than these, or any that are more commonly relied upon as guides to the best life? They are taken for granted, looked on as intuitive. In a moral sense they are what Tolstoi called "the things by which men live." Ibsen shows us each of them at work, and the melancholy consequence to which each may lead. It is irrational, he thinks, to take them for granted; they are intuitive only as a prejudice may seem to be so; and, if men live by them, this is one cause which makes living so much of a failure.

Take, for instance, his famous drama, *A Doll's House*. The ideal attacked there is that of the so-called "womanly woman," the ideal that used to be better known before feminism and the suffragette gave it such a rude jolt. The doll in this piece is, of course, the wife in the house, knowing nothing of her husband's business, regarding her chief duty to him as that of making

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pleasant his leisure hours, holding his affections by a hundred little tricks of endearment, dressing the children nicely, and in general living up to the immortal motto, "A woman's place is the home." Nora Helmer's husband is resolved to keep her like this, calls her his little lark, his little squirrel, that must not droop its wings nor get out of temper, takes her playfully by the ear when she wants more money, and—as a preliminary to letting her have some—jokes her about being a little spendthrift and a little featherhead. She is always a "little" something, never, by any chance, anything on a large scale. Nora accepts her rôle in the game, and carries off the coaxing function with a spirit like that inculcated in Tennyson's *Princess*. Her husband falls sick, and is ordered abroad, but has no means to go on the expensive trip that has been prescribed. The situation of the family becomes desperate, and the wife has to act for a husband who can no longer act for himself, in business matters with which she has no familiarity. The "little lark" and "little squirrel" characteristics prove inadequate. Nora borrows the money from those who lend at outrageous interest to persons in distress. She is obliged to get her note endorsed, a proceeding with which so far she had been fortunate enough to have no acquaintance. The only person to ask is her father, but he suddenly dies before his signature can be secured, and Nora takes the quickest way out by writing her father's name at the bottom of the note with her own hand. The rest can be imagined. The moneylender soon learns all about it; blackmail follows blackmail; Nora escapes from each precipice by plunging headlong over another, and concludes in the end that if she had been a less womanly woman, and more a woman of business, it would have been better for all concerned.

Or, take the play called *Pillars of Society*. The ideal there treated is the one called "respectability". Ibsen has in mind the view that social leaders, men of mark and influence in the surroundings in which they live, owe it not only to themselves, but to the public, that their repute shall be preserved without a blemish. They may have had a wild, tempestuous youth, from which they have reformed, and, rising on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things, have become to all who know them

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symbols of good citizenship. It would destroy their weight, and hence their power for good, if all were known of their past which might be known. They have become "pillars of society", and the pillars must not be allowed to rock, for society would rock with them. It is like the case of Nicholas Bulstrode in George Eliot's *Middlemarch*, who finds it so easy to convince himself that it is a social obligation to draw a veil over what he has been. One of these characters is threatened with exposure, and the shifts to which he has recourse "in the public interest" involve his putting the blame for much that he has done upon someone else. He manages to succeed in this for a time, but when the facts come out—as they do—he finds that he has done his public no good by adding deception to his other vices. And the play closes with the aphorism that the spirits of truth and freedom are the real pillars of society.

Lest, however, it might be thought that we have even here a sufficing formula, and that the notion of relentless truthfulness is the one safe ideal to follow, Ibsen has a play on that subject too. It is *The Wild Duck*. The idealist in this is a man who thinks that mankind is to be redeemed by telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. The household upon which he operates is one in which the wife has had a past which she has not disclosed to her husband, and the truth-teller, convinced that only by absolute candor can the domestic relations be made perfect, proceeds to rectify the trouble by telling all he himself knows. The result is not cheering. Having made a clean breast of an unpleasant truth which had been buried for many years, the idealist strikes a pose, and asks the whole family, now apprised of what the wife had concealed, whether they do not feel immensely better for having things cleared up. But they do not. One of the daughters shoots herself.

Turning to the ideal called "democracy," Ibsen subjects to a mordant analysis the rule that each individual citizen must support with might and main whatever has been determined upon by a plebiscite. He was clearly thinking of those who had maligned himself as unpatriotic because he had proclaimed Norway's faults to the world, and had declined to join in the chorus of loyal panegyric upon all things Norwegian. In *An*

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Enemy of the People, some curious doctrines are discussed. We have once again our old friend, the believer in maintaining one's "respectability," who explains that he does so in the interest of the nation; for, he says, "without moral authority I am powerless to direct public affairs as seems to my judgment best for the common good." We have a newspaper man who asks, "What is an editor's first and most obvious duty? Has he not received a sort of tacit mandate to work persistently and assiduously for the welfare of those whose opinions he represents? Or is it possible that I am mistaken in that?" The particular project in hand is that of advertising the town and attracting tourists. A local doctor points out that the drawback of the place is the contamination present in the water supply, and he indicates his purpose of making this known. It is at once impressed upon him that to do so will mean ruin to the grand public purpose, that a vote has been taken on the matter, and that in such circumstances any good citizen must bow to the will of the greater number. Otherwise he is an "enemy of the people". It is here that Ibsen gives us his own views upon the place of the original thinker in any community which he has not been able to convince of things that he has himself seen. The point made is that, so far from truth being, as a matter of course, on the side taken by the majority, all new truths lie on the side of a few pioneers, and that by the time the majority have come to acknowledge these, the pioneers themselves have advanced beyond them. The multitude adheres to the past with stubborn and even resentful inertia. And, when at length it does begin to move, the position it moves to has already become antiquated in the thought of those who first adopted it.

In estimating Ibsen's attitude to our social ideals it will be well to distingush (1) the popular legend about him, which makes merits out of his very faults; (2) the truth about him which reveals much of very great merit indeed that his admirers often fail to observe at all; (3) the points in which—as it seems to the present critic—he really breaks down, just because he has been insufficiently faithful to some of his own principles.

The popular legend is that Ibsen's great distinction lies in his thoroughness as a "herald of revolt". The thing against which

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he is supposed to have been in revolt is what is called "moral convention," and the standard he is supposed to have erected in antagonism to this is "Nature"—free, instinctive impulses, unrestrained by tradition or respectability or established usage. That large number of emancipated folk who speak about the foolishness and the hypocrisy of the conventional claim Ibsen as the exponent of their view. They talk about having done with worn-out prejudice—commonly typified by "Mrs. Grundy"—and going out in a spirit of heroic moral adventure to set at defiance what George Eliot called "the world's wife." We know these anarchists, but they do Henrik Ibsen grievous wrong when they represent him as stupid enough and uninformed enough to be their apostle. He was himself aware how he was being traduced, and in at least one immortal play he set out to caricature the Ibsenites.

For what, in the end, is the principle of this attack upon conventional morality? Nine times out of ten, whatever strength it has, arises from dexterously playing upon the ambiguities of a word. Convention means agreement, and conventional morality is agreed morality. If it is bad, this must surely be, not because it is agreed upon, but because we have agreed upon something wrong.

This is not, however, the ground which most of the objectors take up. By "convention", they understand not an agreement which is based upon reason, but an agreement which springs from caprice. And they argue that most of our ideas about good and evil arise from a capriciously formed tradition. Yet in truth it would be very hard indeed to find any such ideas which we could fairly describe as originating in this way. They are rather the slowly won conquests of moral intelligence. The habits, the rules, the maxims of agreed morality under which we have come to live, are by no means beyond criticism and improvement. Neither are our forms of state administration. But just as better methods of governing are reached, not by anarchic revolt against the past, but by feeling sure that our ancestors had some substantial cause for the polity they have given us, and that in introducing something better we should conserve what is good already, so in codes of conduct it is no mere preju-

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dice that makes us respect tradition. It is our legitimate and proper deference to the wisdom of those who went before, and whom modesty bids us credit with the same kind of moral judgment as we have ourselves. To be thus "conventional" means only that we refuse to declare a Year One in conduct any more than in the constitution of the state, and insist that the growth of the future, if it is to be healthy, must spring out of the soil of the past.

Ibsen did not forget this, although it must be admitted that in his concern to emphasize another side of the truth he insufficiently allowed for it. But such splendidly satiric pieces as *Peer Gynt*, in which the "self-realizers" are held up to ridicule, should warn his panegyrists to take care how they fix the ground of their compliment. His chief complaint against his own time is that, in loyalty to the ideals of the past, we have forgotten that the rational spirit which inspired our ancestors to form them should likewise inspire us to improve and to re-define them. In our deference to bygone authority we fail to realize that we too must be authorities to those who come after. Instead of re-adjusting our formulæ to advancing insight, we stereotype the formulæ of an earlier time.

We can see the point of this most clearly, perhaps, if we take one overmastering rubric by which our confused world is just now being undone. When President Wilson coined the word "self-determination," he set up what Ibsen would call an "ideal." And what havoc that ideal bids fair to produce among those for whom it is the one all-sufficient guide to the problems of statesmanship! Does anyone now know just what it means, or what policy it should dictate in a particular case? The Bolsheviki in Russia are determining themselves, with results that we know. In Ireland, Ulster on the one hand and the South on the other, are using the same phrase for purposes of mutual execration. It looks as if before long the Labor party in some communities will bethink itself that not only a nation, but an industrial class, should thus become self-conscious, and assert the right to determine itself no matter what may happen to other interests of mankind. Nor can anyone refute such pretensions except by boldly disavowing the imperative character of this as

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of all other cast-iron formulæ. Self-determination has taken the place of a host of other theories that have been tried in turn, and not one of them is in itself a master-key to our difficulties. "Liberty," "Democracy," and many others have been advanced to dispense us from the need of really thinking out each case on its merits, and not a few seem to decide all questions by just asking which course fulfils one or other of the "ideals" thus set up. Nor are they deterred by the fact that often they cannot fulfil one without outraging another of at least equal value. Ibsen's most important message is that there are no moral ready-reckoners, there is no ideal that can be consulted like a railroad time-table, but that all human rules, like everything else that is human, are fallible, requiring correction, admitting exceptions,—good if we use them with care, disastrous if we use them blindly. The question about each is not whether it is good or bad, but how much of it is good, and with what other ingredients its action must be tempered if it is not to work on the whole for evil.

Thus what Ibsen has done well to press upon us is the need for an open mind in the sphere of morals. It may well turn out that as we make progress in other things, we may advance also in the sagacity of our judgments about right and wrong, in the fixing of our moral perspective, and the apportioning of our moral values. What he has insufficiently recognized is the existence in every code of certain general principles, not indeed secure against the very possibility of an exception, but of such wide and general validity that the exceptions may in the practice of at least the average person be fitly ignored. That in his desire to drive home the supplementary truth, he has not kept this conspicuous, has had the result of making his admirers forget that he was aware of it at all. It is not the suitable rôle of most of us to be moral innovators, nor can most of us without serious disaster keep our moral ideas fluid. In every other science there are certain assured positions; why not in this,—the most significant of sciences for human well-being?

This, however, is ground of complaint far less against Ibsen than against those inferior writers who have imitated his faults but have been unable to imitate either his wisdom or his power. He has erred in the main through insufficient fidelity to his own

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principles, for in giving to each influence in the moral world its place, but no more than its place, he often seems at least to forget that the conventions have any place at all. By his own rule of forecasting consequences, he should not omit the very serious consequence which must follow the weakening of that authority which is for most people the sole kind of rule by which they can live. It is in morals as in health: the maxims about the care of the body by which the average person lives may no doubt often be shaky enough, calling for reconsideration, and revision, and improvement. But to bid the man in the street to neglect the conventions imposed by medical science, and start an independent quest for higher hygienic truth on his own account, would be far less to the advantage of the public than to the profit of the quack. So too, though in all conscience our social morals may well have to be overhauled, they are not to be overhauled by everyone, and it is ethical quacks who are for the most part bothering us with their nostrums. Just here we may be thankful for a too-little valued endowment which secures us from many dangers,—I mean the magnificent *inertia* of mankind. After all, many of us have a most salutary power of keeping cool when the quacks, both medical and moral, brandish their drugs in our faces. We know that we may be wrong ourselves, but we suspect that these monitors know far too little about us to set our systems right. That was a very pregnant utterance by Edmund Burke, in which we see the reverse side of the issue with which Ibsen had to deal. Burke had in mind the argument that each person must decide for himself, or "determine himself," neglecting as tyrannical the judgment of anyone else. "We are afraid," he said, "to put men to live and trade each on his private stock of reason; because we suspect that this stock in each man is small, and that the individuals would do better to avail themselves of the general bank and capital of nations and ages."

HERBERT L. STEWART.

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LIFE AND DEATH OF HARRIETT FREAN—III

BY MAY SINCLAIR

IX

In all her previsions of the event she had seen herself surviving as the same Harriett Frean with the addition of an overwhelming grief. She was horrified at this image of herself persisting beside her mother's place empty in space and time.

But she was not there. Through her absorption in her mother some large, essential part of herself had gone. It had not been so when her father died; what he had absorbed was given back to her transferred to her mother. All her memories of her mother were joined to the memory of this now irrecoverable self.

She tried to reinstate herself through grief; she sheltered behind her bereavement, affecting a more profound seclusion, abhorring strangers; she was more than ever the reserved, fastidious daughter of Hilton Frean. She had always thought of herself as different from Connie and Sarah, living with a superior, intellectual life. She turned to the books she had read with her mother, Dante, Browning, Carlyle and Ruskin, the biographies of Great Men, trying to retrace the footsteps of her lost self, to revive the forgotten thrill. But it was no use. One day she found herself reading the Dedication of *The Ring and the Book* over and over again without taking in its meaning, without any remembrance of its poignant secret. "'And all a wonder and a wild desire'—Mamma loved that." She thought she loved it too; but what she loved was the dark green book she had seen in her mother's long, white hands, and the sound of her mother's voice reading. She had followed her mother's mind with strained attention and anxiety, smiling when she smiled but with no delight and no admiration of her own.

If only she could have remembered! It was only through memory that she could reinstate herself.

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She had a horror of the empty house. Her friends advised her to leave it, but she had a horror of removal, of change. She loved the rooms that had held her mother, the chair she had sat on, the white, fluted cup she had drunk from in her illness. She clung to the image of her mother; and always beside it, shadowy and pathetic, she discerned the image of her lost self.

When the horror of emptiness came over her, she dressed herself in her black, with delicate care and precision, and visited her friends. Even in moments of no intention she would find herself knocking at Lizzie's door or Sarah's or Connie Pennefather's. If they were not in she would call again and again, till she found them. She would sit for hours, talking, spinning out the time.

She began to look forward to these visits.

Wonderful. The sweet peas she had planted had come up.

Hitherto Harriett had looked on the house and garden as parts of the space that contained her without belonging to her. She had had no sense of possession. This morning she was arrested by the thought that the plot she had planted was hers. The house and garden were hers. She began to take an interest in them. She found that by a system of punctual movements she could give to her existence the reasonable appearance of an aim.

Next spring, a year after her mother's death, she felt the vague stirring of her individual soul. She was free to choose her own Vicar; she left her mother's Dr. Braithwaite who was broad and twice married, and went to Canon Wrench who was unmarried and high. There was something stimulating in the short, happy service, the rich music, the incense and the processions. She made new covers for the drawing-room, in cretonne, a gay pattern of pomegranate and blue-green leaves. And as she had always had the cutlets broiled plain because her mother liked them that way, now she had them breaded.

And Mrs. Hancock wanted to know *why* Harriett had forsaken her dear mother's church; and when Connie Pennefather saw the covers she told Harriett she was lucky to be able to afford new cretonne. It was more than *she* could; she seemed to think Harriett had no business to afford it. As for the breaded cut-

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lets, Hannah opened her eyes and said, "That was how the mistress always had them, ma'am, when you was away."

One day she took the egg out of the drawing-room and stuck it on the chimney-piece in the spare room. When she remembered how she used to love it she felt that she had done something cruel and iniquitous, but necessary to the soul.

She was taking out novels from the circulating library now. Not, she explained, for her serious reading. Her serious reading, her Dante, her Browning, her Great Man, lay always on the table ready to her hand (beside a copy of *The Social Order* and the *Remains* of Hilton Frean) while secretly and half-ashamed she played with some frivolous tale. She was satisfied with anything that ended happily and had nothing in it that was unpleasant, or difficult, demanding thought. She exalted her preferences into high canons. A novel *ought* to conform to her requirements. A novelist (she thought of him with some asperity) had no right to be obscure, or depressing, or to add needless unpleasantness to the unpleasantness that had to be. The Great Men didn't *do* it.

She spoke of George Eliot and Dickens and Mr. Thackeray.

Lizzie Pierce had a provoking way of smiling at Harriett as if she found her ridiculous. And Harriett had no patience with Lizzie's affectation in wanting to be modern, her vanity in trying to be young, her middle-aged raptures over the work—often unpleasant—of writers too young to be worth serious consideration. They had long arguments in which Harriett, beaten, retired behind *The Social Order* and the *Remains*.

"It's silly," Lizzie said, "not to be able to look at a new thing because it's new. That's the way you grow old."

"It's sillier," Harriett said, "to be always running after new things because you think that's the way to look young. I've no wish to appear younger than I am."

"I've no wish to appear suffering from senile decay."

"There *is* a standard." Harriett lifted her obstinate and arrogant chin. "You forget that I'm Hilton Frean's daughter."

"I'm William Pierce's, but that hasn't prevented my being myself."

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Lizzie's mind had grown keener in her sharp middle-age. As it played about her, Harriett cowered; it was like being exposed, naked, to a cutting wind. Her mind ran back to her father and mother, longing, like a child, for their shelter and support, for the blessed assurance of herself.

At her worst she could still think with pleasure of the beauty of the act which had given Robin to Priscilla.

X

"My dear Harriett: Thank you for your kind letter of sympathy. Although we had expected the end for many weeks poor Prissie's death came to us as a great shock. But for her it was a blessed release, and we can only be thankful. You who knew her will realize the depth and extent of my bereavement. I have lost the dearest and most loving wife man ever had" . . .

Poor little Prissie. She couldn't bear to think she would never see her again.

Four months later Robin wrote again, from Sidmouth.

"Dear Harriett: Priscilla left you this locket in her will as a remembrance. I would have sent it before but that I couldn't bear to part with her things all at once.

"I take this opportunity of telling you that I am going to be married again—"

Her heart heaved and closed. She could never have believed she could have felt such a pang.

"The lady is Miss Beatrice Walker, the devoted nurse who was with my dear wife all through her last illness. This step may seem strange and precipitate coming so soon after her death; but I am urged to do it by the precarious state of my own health and by the knowledge that we are fulfilling poor Prissie's dying wish. . . ."

Poor Prissie's dying wish. After what she had done for Prissie, if she *had* a dying wish—But neither of them had thought of *her*. Robin had forgotten her . . . Forgotten . . . Forgotten. . . .

But no. Priscilla had remembered. She had left her the

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locket with his hair in it. She had remembered and she had been afraid; jealous of her. She couldn't bear to think that Robin might marry her, even after she was dead. She had made him marry this Walker woman so that he shouldn't—

Oh, but he wouldn't. Not after twenty years.

"I didn't really think he would."

She was forty-five, her face was lined and pitted and her hair was dust colour, streaked with grey: and she could only think of Robin as she had last seen him, young: a young face; a young body; young, shining eyes. He would want to marry a young woman. He had been in love with this Walker woman and Prissie had known it. She could see Prissie lying in her bed, helpless, looking at them over the edge of the white sheet. She had known that as soon as she was dead, before the sods closed over her grave, they would marry. Nothing could stop them. And she had tried to make herself believe it was her wish, her doing, not theirs. Poor little Prissie.

She understood that Robin had been staying in Sidmouth for his health.

A year later Harriett, run down, was ordered to the seaside. She went to Sidmouth. She told herself that she wanted to see the place where she had been so happy with her mother, where poor Aunt Harriett had died.

Looking through the local paper she found in the list of residents: Sidcote. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lethbridge and Miss Walker. She wrote to Robin and asked if she might call on his wife.

A mile of hot road through the town and inland brought her to a door in a lane and a thatched cottage with a little lawn behind it. From the doorstep she could see two figures, a man and a woman, lying back in garden chairs. Inside the house she heard the persistent, energetic sound of hammering. The woman got up and came to her. She was young, pink-faced and golden haired, and she said she was Miss Walker, Mrs. Lethbridge's sister.

A tall, lean, grey man rose from the garden chair, slowly, dragging himself with an invalid air. His eyes stared, groping,

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blurred films that trembled between the pouch and droop of the lids; long cheeks, deep-grooved, dropped to the infirm mouth that sagged under the limp moustache. That was Robin.

He became agitated when he saw her. "Poor Robin," she thought. "All these years, and it's too much for him, seeing me." Presently he dragged himself from the lawn to the house and disappeared through the French window where the hammering came from.

"Have I frightened him away?" she said.

"Oh no, he's always like that when he sees strange faces."

"My face isn't exactly strange."

"Well, he must have thought it was."

A sudden chill crept through her.

"He'll be all right when he gets used to you," Miss Walker said.

The strange face of Miss Walker chilled her. A strange young woman, living close to Robin, protecting him, explaining Robin's ways.

The sound of hammering ceased. Through the long, open window she saw a woman rise up from the floor and shed a white apron. She came down the lawn to them, with raised arms, patting disordered hair, large, a full, firm figure clipped in blue linen. A full-blown face, bluish pink; thick grey eyes slightly protruding; a thick mouth, solid and firm and kind. That was Robin's wife. Her sister was slighter, fresher, a good ten years younger, Harriett thought.

"Excuse me, we're only just settling in. I was nailing down the carpet in Robin's study."

Her lips were so thick that they moved stiffly when she spoke or smiled. She panted a little as if from extreme exertion.

When they were all seated Mrs. Lethbridge addressed her sister. "Robin was quite right. It looks *much* better turned the other way."

"Do you mean to say he made you take it all up and put it down again? Well—"

"What's the use? . . . Miss Frean, you don't know what it is to have a husband who *will* have things just so."

"She had to mow the lawn this morning because Robin can't bear to see one blade of grass higher than another."

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"Is he as particular as all that?"

"I assure you, Miss Frean, he is," Miss Walker informed her.

"He wasn't when I knew him," Harriett said.

"Ah—my sister spoils him."

Mrs. Lethbridge wondered why he hadn't come out again.

"I think," Harriett said, "perhaps he'll come if I go."

"Oh, you mustn't go. It's good for him to see people. Takes him out of himself."

"He'll turn up all right," Miss Walker said, "when he hears the tea-cups."

And at four o'clock when the tea-cups came Robin turned up, dragging himself slowly from the house to the lawn. He blinked and quivered with agitation; Harriett saw he was annoyed, not with her, and not with Miss Walker, but with his wife.

"Beatrice, what have you done with my new bottle of medicine?"

"Nothing, dear."

"You've done nothing, when you know you poured out my last dose at twelve?"

"Why, hasn't it come?"

"No. It hasn't."

"But Cissy ordered it this morning."

"I didn't," Cissy said. "I forgot."

"Oh—Cissy—"

"You needn't blame Cissy. You ought to have seen to it yourself. . . . She was a good nurse, Harriett, before she was my wife."

"My dear, your nurse had nothing else to do. Your wife has to clean and mend for you and cook your dinner and mow the lawn and nail the carpets down." While she said it she looked at Robin as if she adored him.

All through tea-time he talked about his health and about the sanitary dust-bin they hadn't got. Something had happened to him. It wasn't like him to be wrapped up in himself and to talk about dust-bins. He spoke to his wife as if she had been his valet. He didn't see that she was perspiring, worn out by her struggle with the carpet.

"Just go and fetch me another cushion, Beatrice."

She rose with tired patience.

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"You might let her have her tea in peace," Miss Walker said, but she was gone before they could stop her.

When Harriett left she went with her to the garden gate, panting as she walked. Harriett noticed pale, blurred lines on the edges of her lips. She thought: She isn't a bit strong. She praised the garden.

Mrs. Lethbridge smiled. "Robin loves it . . . But you should have seen it at five o'clock this morning."

"Five o'clock?"

"Yes. I always get up at five to make Robin a cup of tea."

Harriett's last evening. She was dining at Sidcote. On her way there she had overtaken Robin's wife wheeling Robin in a bath-chair. Beatrice had panted and perspired and had made mute signs to Harriett not to take any notice. She had had to go and lie down till Robin sent for her to find his cigarette case. Now she was in the kitchen cooking Robin's part of the dinner while he lay down in his study. Harriett talked to Miss Walker in the garden.

"It's been very kind of you to have me so much."

"Oh, but we've loved having you. It's so good for Beatie. Gives her a rest from Robin. . . . I don't mean that she wants a rest. But, you see, she's not well. She looks a big, strong, bouncing thing, but she isn't. Her heart's weak. She oughtn't to be doing what she does."

"Doesn't Robin see it?"

"He doesn't see anything. He never knows when she's tired or got a headache. She'll drop dead before he'll see it. He's utterly selfish, Miss Frean. Wrapt up in himself and his horrid little ailments. Whatever happens to Beatie he must have his sweetbread, and his soup at eleven and his tea at five in the morning. . . .

. . . "I suppose you think I might help more?"

"Well—" Harriett did think it.

"Well, I just won't. I won't encourage Robin. He ought to get her a proper servant and a man for the garden and the bath-chair. I wish you'd give him a hint. Tell him she isn't strong. I can't. She'd snap my head off. Would you mind?"

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Harriett didn't mind. She didn't mind what she said. She wouldn't be saying it to Robin, but to the contemptible thing that had taken Robin's place. She still saw Robin as a young man, with young shining eyes, who came rushing to give himself up at once, to make himself known. She had no affection for this selfish invalid, this weak, peevish bully.

Poor Beatrice. She was sorry for Beatrice. She resented his behavior to Beatrice. She told herself she wouldn't be Beatrice, she wouldn't be Robin's wife for the world. Her pity for Beatrice gave her a secret pleasure and satisfaction.

After dinner she sat out in the garden talking to Robin's wife while Cissy Walker played draughts with Robin in his study, giving Beatrice a rest from him. They talked about Robin.

"You knew him when he was young, didn't you? What was he like?"

She didn't want to tell her. She wanted to keep the young, shining Robin to herself. She also wanted to show that she had known him, that she had known a Robin that Beatrice would never know. Therefore she told her.

"My poor Robin." Beatrice gazed wistfully, trying to see this Robin that Priscilla had taken from her, that Harriett had known. Then she turned her back.

"It doesn't matter. I've married the man I wanted." She let herself go. "Cissy says I've spoiled him. That isn't true. It was his first wife who spoiled him. She made a nervous wreck of him."

"He was devoted to her."

"Yes. And he's paying for his devotion now. She wore him out. . . . Cissy says he's selfish. If he is, it's because he's used up all his unselfishness. He was living on his moral capital. . . . I feel as if I couldn't do too much for him after what he did. Cissy doesn't know how awful his life was with Priscilla. She was the most exacting—"

"She was my friend."

"Wasn't Robin your friend, too?"

"Yes. But poor Prissie, she was paralysed."

"It wasn't paralysis."

"What was it then?"

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"Pure hysteria. Robin wasn't in love with her and she knew it. She developed that illness so that she might have a hold on him, get his attention fastened on her somehow. I don't say she could help it. She couldn't. But that's what it was."

"Well, she died of it."

"No. She died of pneumonia after influenza. I'm not blaming Prissie. She was pitiable. But he ought never to have married her."

"I don't think you ought to say that."

"You know what he was," said Robin's wife. "And look at him now."

But Harriett's mind refused, obstinately, to connect the two Robins and Priscilla.

She remembered that she had to speak to Robin. They went together into his study. Cissy sent her a look, a signal, and rose; she stood by the doorway.

"Beatie, you might come here a minute."

Harriett was alone with Robin.

"Well, Harriett, we haven't been able to do much for you. In my beastly state—"

"You'll get better."

"Never. I'm done for, Harriett. I don't complain."

"You've got a devoted wife, Robin."

"Yes. Poor girl, she does what she can."

"She does too much."

"My dear woman, she wouldn't be happy if she didn't."

"It isn't good for her. Does it never strike you that she's not strong?"

"Not strong? She's—she's almost indecently robust. What wouldn't I give to have her strength!"

She looked at him, at the lean figure sunk in the arm chair; at the dragged, infirm face, the blurred, owlish eyes, the expression of abject self-pity, of self absorption.

That was Robin.

The awful thing was that she couldn't love him, couldn't go on being faithful. This injured her self-esteem.

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XI

Her old servant, Hannah, had gone, and her new servant, Maggie, had had a baby.

After the first shock and three months' loss of Maggie, it occurred to Harriett that the beautiful thing would be to take Maggie back and let her have the baby with her, since she couldn't leave it.

The baby lay in his cradle in the kitchen, black-eyed and rosy, doubling up his fat naked knees, smiling his crooked smile and saying things to himself. Harriett had to see him every time she came into the kitchen. Sometimes she heard him cry, an intolerable cry, tearing the nerves and heart. And sometimes she saw Maggie unbutton her black gown in a hurry and put out her white, rose-pointed breast to still his cry.

Harriett couldn't bear it. She could not bear it.

She decided that Maggie must go. Maggie was not doing her work properly. Harriett found fluff under the bed.

"I'm sure," Maggie said, "I'm doing no worse than I did, ma'am, and you usedn't to complain."

"No worse isn't good enough, Maggie. I think you might have tried to please me. It isn't everyone who would have taken you in the circumstances."

"If you think that, ma'am, it's very cruel and unkind of you to send me away."

"You've only yourself to thank. There's no more to be said."

"No, ma'am. I understand why I'm leaving. It's because of Baby. You don't want to 'ave 'im, and I think you might have said so before."

A month from that day Maggie packed her brown painted wooden box and the cradle and the perambulator. The greengrocer took them away in a handcart. Through the drawing-room window Harriett saw Maggie going away, carrying the baby, pink and round in his white knitted cap, his fat hips bulging over her arm under his white shawl. The gate fell to behind them. The click struck at Harriett's heart.

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Three months later Maggie turned up again in a black hat and gown for best, red-eyed and humble.

"I came to see, ma'am, whether you'd take me back, as I 'aven't got Baby now."

"You haven't got him?"

"'E died, ma'am, last month. I'd put him with a woman in the country. She was highly recommended to me. Very highly recommended she was, and I paid her six shillings a week. But I think she must 'ave done something she shouldn't."

"Oh Maggie, you don't mean she was cruel to him?"

"No, ma'am. She was very fond of him. Everybody was fond of Baby. But whether it was the food she gave him or what, 'e was that wasted you wouldn't have known him. You remember what he was like when he was here."

"I remember."

She remembered. She remembered. Fat and round in his white shawl and knitted cap when Maggie carried him down the garden path.

"I should think she'd a done something, shouldn't you, ma'am?"

She thought: No. No. It was I who did it when I sent him away.

"I don't know, Maggie. I'm afraid it's been very terrible for you."

"Yes, ma'am. . . . I wondered whether you'd give me another trial, ma'am."

"Are you quite sure you want to come to me, Maggie?"

"Yes'm. . . . I'm sure you'd a kept him if you could have borne to see him about."

"You know, Maggie, that was *not* the reason why you left. If I take you back you must try not to be careless and forgetful.'

"I shan't 'ave nothing to make me. Before, it was first Baby's father and then 'im."

She could see that Maggie didn't hold her responsible. After all, why should she? If Maggie had made bad arrangements for her baby, Maggie was responsible.

She went round to Lizzie and Sarah to see what they thought.

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Sarah thought: Well—it was rather a difficult question, and Harriett resented her hesitation.

"Not at all. It rested with Maggie to go or stay. If she was incompetent I wasn't bound to keep her just because she'd had a baby. At that rate I should have been completely in her power."

Lizzie said she thought Maggie's baby would have died in any case, and they both hoped that Harriett wasn't going to be morbid about it.

Harriett felt sustained. She wasn't going to be morbid. All the same, the episode left her with a feeling of insecurity.

(*To be concluded*)

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THE ARTISTIC FUTURE OF THE MOVIES

BY KENNETH MACGOWAN

THE miracle of the photoplay need fear no "higher criticism". From the first miraculous moment when light, guided by untold intricacies of mechanism, paints invisible shadows in the silver of the film, through all the thousand efforts of the human mind which create a new form of story-telling, a new type of acting, and a new character of producing organization, ending in another scientific marvel by which electricity fuses these things into a living story upon a wall—here is a unique record of invention and coördinated effort creating a wholly new and measurably illusive form of expression in something less than a generation.

Whatever the quality of the production—and some of it is very good, most of it very bad—the miracle is all the greater because of the human factors that have made it. Moving picture magnates who were once button salesmen; dramatic stars made from cloak models; directors recruited from small town stock companies; scenario writers of the "Snappy Yarns" class—these are the dominant creative factors in this art which has the instinct to call itself an "industry". There are men of financial vision like Zuckor; the greatest popular photoplay favorite is also one of the best character actresses of the screen; at least three directors,—Griffith, Tucker and Tourneur,—know passion, sympathy and beauty; the screen has created a new type of story-teller in men like C. Gardner Sullivan. But against this pitiful minority of creative talent must be ranged the ninety-nine per cent mass of sinister or trivial destructive forces which have played a part in the miracle of the movies.

Of all the personal ineptitudes of the screen, none is more powerfully sinister than the exhibitor, the man who owns and manages the theatres where the photoplays meet their public. It is the exhibitor, ignorant and naïve when he is not vicious and

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corrupt, that accents and perpetuates every fault, banality, and vice of the photoplay producers.

There are 13,000 of these exhibitors in America. They own or manage theatres ranging from the old converted store, where most of them got their start, to million-dollar playhouses, the largest and best appointed in America. About 12,250 of these men may be most kindly described as casuals of the business world. They had too little application for success in trade, or too much of the wrong kind of brains for anything but a "sure thing" game. Some of them sold their "paddle-wheels", gambling machines, and automatic popcorn roasters, and put the money into cheap wooden seats, a projection-machine or two, and a deposit on the lease of an empty store. The others acquired their capital in ways sometimes more devious, sometimes less. Like most of the factors that control picture-making today, they secured their place early, and they have held on by the right of priority and the vested interest of experience. The canny producers have given their own estimate of the exhibitors of America by requiring an "advance deposit" of a film's rental before doing business.

There are geniuses of a sort among the exhibitors, as well as simple, dull, honest fellows. The men who have seen the possibilities in salesmanship that this new entertainment presents—men like Rothapfel, Riesenfeld, Grauman—now manage gigantic theatres which add symphony concerts, scenic spectacles, and good singing to the films which they furnish the public at twenty-five cents to a dollar a seat. Such showmen are rare, considerably rarer than the big theatres that they manage. Eighty per cent of the motion picture playhouses still remain small structures seating three to five hundred. Their management cannot attract men of ability, because the returns are too meagre. Only the extension of the chain system, now applied to theatres in Philadelphia and the Twin Cities, will make it possible to put a high grade of directive talent at work selecting films for such houses and supervising their management.

The presence of a great mass of commercial and artistic ignorance at the point where the public must register its taste, has many curious effects on the sort of film entertainment made and most profitably sold in America. For one thing, it accounts for

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the amazing and crazy project for the control of legitimate Broadway theatrical production launched this past year by one of the sanest producing companies. This organization was ready to finance any producer of plays who would give it the picture rights to his properties. Why? Not because good play plots make good picture plots; some of them do, some do not, and all require the sort of reconstruction that eliminates most of the features of the original. The films are ready to use any play plots, good or bad—good or bad for Broadway, good or bad for screendom. They have paid extravagant, five-figure prices for Broadway failures no more fitted to the screen than Broadway successes. They have done this not to acquire a famous title like *The Music Master* or *The Lion and the Mouse*, for the bulk of their purchases have been failures never seen outside two or three cities. They have paid ten and fifteen thousand dollars for a sop to their consciences when they advertise "made from the great Broadway success". And who is to read these advertisements and believe? Not the public. The public is either wise or indifferent. It is the exhibitor for whom these snares are set, the exhibitor who is ignorant enough never to know one Broadway play from another, and credulous enough to believe that the Broadway background matters. The result is the foisting upon producer and public of a lot of inferior stuff which would clog and stop the flow of any stream less miraculous than this gusher from the rock of science.

By their odd detachment from the world of reality which they serve, the creative factors of the screen blame its ills upon the public. Perhaps it is only a natural reaction to the public's insistence that the producer, and only the producer, is to blame for the manifest sins of the screen. However that may be, men of the intelligence of Maurice Tourneur believe with a pathetic faith that the public dictates the sort of entertainment furnished by the miraculous and mysterious organism of the screen. In a recent article, Mr. Tourneur analyzes with withering scorn the average types of photoplays shown today. We see, he says, either "a sneering, hip-wriggling, cigarette-smoking vampire", or "a cute, curly-headed, sun-bonneted, smiling and pouting ingenue. . . . She runs through beautiful gardens (always

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with the same nice 'back lighting' effects), or the poor thing is working under dreadful factory conditions that have not been known for at least forty years. . . . If it is not either a vampire or an ingenue, it is a band of cowboys, generous-hearted, impulsive souls. They never do a stroke of work; they couldn't —they have no time. They must be hanging around the saloon, ready to spring into the saddle and rescue the heroine, whether she is a telegraph operator, or a lumberman's daughter, or a school teacher up in the mountains. I saw all that many times, but I have yet to see a cowboy looking after a cow."

The burden of Mr. Tourneur's plaint is that this is the only sort of thing that pays. Mr. Tourneur, never having made this sort of thing himself, is keenly conscious that it crowds his own *Blue Bird* and *Prunella* out of the motion picture theatres. "I would rather starve and make good pictures," he writes, "if I knew they were going to be shown; but to starve and to make pictures that are thrown in the ashcan is above any man's strength."

The curious thing about Mr. Tourneur is that he imagines the public is accountable for the exhibition of the stuff he abhors. "As long as the public taste will oblige us to make what are very justly called 'machine-made' stories, we can only bow and give them what they want." The fact, however, is that the public has a very imperfect chance of telling what it wants. The exhibitor intervenes. He is the interpreter of public taste. He begins by picking what he likes himself. Suppose it is these machine-made stories of which Mr. Tourneur complains. By and large, I do not believe that the public really cares for these films; but some portion of the public cares for almost anything, and when the exhibitor has been dispensing adulterants, narcotics, and pap over his counter for a few months, he has built up a dependable clientele for such stories. He has found the part of the public that likes the "vamps" and the cowboys. He knows "what the public wants." If he is inveigled into showing some film of a little more ingenuity and intelligence, his hand-picked audience is bored and the receipts fall off. Which proves, by his reasoning and Mr. Tourneur's, that "the public" doesn't want the good things.

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After all, it is a problem in salesmanship. First of all, selling films to the exhibitor; second, selling films to the public. Mr. Tourneur says at one point in his article on "Meeting the Public Demands": "*Broken Blossoms* was a very good picture, but suppose it had been shown without two Russian orchestras, the two prologues, and about fifty thousand dollars worth of publicity: who would have gone to see it?" He should inquire what exhibitor in Ohio would have had the sense to show it. Some of the trimmings—though most were a drawback—helped to create an atmosphere for *Broken Blossoms*. But the whole effect was calculated more to create talk and impress the exhibitors of the country than simply to draw Broadway. It is one of the grave shortcomings of the mass of exhibitors that they lack the imagination to devise the sort of presentation which many pictures demand, and which impressed them so much in the case of *Broken Blossoms*.

A photoplay, like a soap, is a commodity of sale. It may be good or bad. If it is sold properly, the better photoplay will outdistance the worse, just as the better soap outsells the poorer. There is no staggering degree of intelligence, to be sure, among the small shopkeepers of America. But soap is never so dependent on the opinion of this class of men as is the photoplay. The manufacturer and the big jobber, rather than the retailer, actually sell the soap to the public. They do it through advertising and organization. The storekeeper merely maintains a storehouse where the customer can find the thing that he has become convinced is good. In the films, a far larger part of the salesmanship is left in the hands of the retailer. He advertises—for the most part, very badly. He can show only one commodity at a time, and he must decide in advance just what commodity the public wants. The public must enjoy its purchases on the premises; therefore the aspect of the theatre and the atmosphere of lights and music affect the public taste in films, while the state of the store does little or nothing to warp a soap-buyer's judgment. At a dozen points, it is possible for the exhibitor to make or mar what we call public taste. He creates his theatre and his public in his own image.

It would be foolish, of course, to deny that the motion picture

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is anything but a popular art. The extravagant conditions of production and distribution today require such a huge income that unless a play is built to please millions of people it is bound to lose money. Popular taste is popular taste. It cares for no nuances. Its art can be great only by being simple. But at the worst, novelty is always profitable, while, at the best, the qualities of the great classics exert their broad, eternal pull. In motion pictures there is no chance for a *Pélléas and Mélisande.* We can only hope for a *Hamlet* or a Story of Ruth. These things are as possible for the screen as for the printed book. The only miracle, when they at last appear on the silver sheet, will be that they have been able to conquer the exhibitor as well as the button salesman, the cloak model and the stock director.

KENNETH MACGOWAN.

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MUSIC OF THE MONTH

TWO MASTERWORKS RECONSIDERED

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

THREE years after Wagner was translated from Wahnfried to Olympus, Richard Strauss began to compose that extraordinary series of tone-poems for orchestra which have agitated the musical waters as they had not been agitated since the mightier Richard set our grandmothers quarreling with our grandfathers over *Tristan* and the *Ring* and *Meistersinger* (which latter work John Ruskin, in 1882, called "a soulless, sapless, tuneless doggerel of sounds—an eternity of nothing"). The nine tone-poems of Strauss traverse a generation. Their emergence, between the *Macbeth* of 1886 and the *Alpensinfonie* of 1915, challenged every established canon and outraged every tradition of musical art, incited critics to wild debauches of rhapsody and vilification, and engendered a torrent of conflicting epithets the like of which the Heavenly Maid, holding high her imperilled skirts above the swirl of flower-strewn mud, had not witnessed since Brahms so nearly succeeded in disentangling her feet from the primroses of the Wagnerian path and making an honest woman of her.

Ein Heldenleben, which has lately been restored to the American concert list, is the seventh of the amazing nine. It was composed in 1898, and stands between *Don Quixote* (1897) and the *Symphonia Domestica* (1902–03). Its first performance in New York occurred twenty years ago this season (December 7, 1900, by the Philharmonic Society under Emil Paur). Not long after, the azygous James Huneker—whose early reactions to Strauss are among the classic braveries of musical appreciation—observed in his *Overtones* that "the main thing to record is the overwhelming impression of power, anarchistic if you will, that informs *Ein Heldenleben*." And he impolitely remarked that "to the orthodox, his [Strauss'] avoidance of the normal, the facile, the

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smug, and the unoriginal, is a crime against ethics. Repeated hearings convince one," he continued, "regarding Strauss' sincerity. He is working out his own artistic salvation on his own premeditated lines, . . . and he is doomed to mockery until he is understood."

Well, he is understood today—save by that handful of irreconcilables, glorying in their misoneism, who will never comprehend. Strauss is so well understood, indeed, that his place as the chief gadfly of the post-Wagnerian era has been usurped by other and fiercer tormentors of the complacent—by the contemporary insurgents of Italy, France, Russia, England, Austria, and Hungary. Today the international woods are full of musical trouble-makers beside whom Strauss appears as the most law-abiding of the tonal bourgeoisie. But, law-abiding and relatively decorous though he may now seem, that "overwhelming impression of power" noted twenty years ago by the temerarious Huneker still persists; and when the great theme of the Hero which opens *Ein Heldenleben* sweeps up out of the basses in its imperious stride through three octaves: when the strings, after the mid-Victorian coquetries of the solo violin, achieve those soaring flights of passionate declaration in the magnificent love-scene, we are roused anew out of our placidity, exhilarated by the thrilling sense of freedom and power, by the daring, the immense virility, the athletic swiftness and energy, of this unique musical imagination, with its confident mastery of all the agencies of expression: its exhaustless vitality of rhythm, its plastic and far-flung melodic line, its richness of polyphonic speech.

It is true, and has always been true of Strauss, that he would not have satisfied the ideal treasured by the inestimable Miss Evance, who desired in poetic speech

> That conversation ever sweet,
> Improving, elegant, refined. . . .

and he would not have delighted Johnson, who extolled the style of Addison because it was "familiar but not coarse, elegant but not ostentatious". Strauss, as a creative artist, has to some extent exemplified what Plato called "the unexamined life." He has never been sufficiently scrutinizing, sufficiently challenging and

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curious and exigent. He can be blatantly commonplace, cheaply cloying, deplorably coarse-grained, incorrigibly extravagant, depressingly silly. His flagrancies and his virtues are the issue of a curiously naïve psychology. Whether he is playing his gamin pranks, or is awash in sentimental tides, or is uttering grandiose puerilities, or tracing fiery scrolls upon the heavens with an Apocalyptic brush, he is always apparent—a prodigy of infantile perverseness and flaring inspiration: untrained, uncritical, and an authentic Olympian.

Whatever you may regret in him (and his deficiencies and his lapses are so blatant, so glaringly obvious, that it is almost unsportsmanlike to allege them), he is and always has been, as we observed in this place years ago, upon familiar terms with the grand style. It is native to him—as native as to Gluck or Handel, Beethoven or Wagner or Brahms; and he works in it again and again, with ease and freedom and overpowering effect. It is because of this that he is of the royal line, despite the frequency with which, in other matters, he antagonizes and offends. When, in his vein of excellent simplicity, he is at his height, he can stand proudly erect beside the major poets of music. He is upon such heights in the scene of Don Quixote's death, in the love scene of *Ein Heldenleben*, in the recognition scene of *Elektra*, in that stupendous exordium which, in *Zarathustra*, lifts the heart out of the body and stuns the spirit with a sense of nameless revelation. These things, and others like them, are sovereign and imperishable. They are of the great tradition of eloquence nobly plain.

The orchestras have been playing again the most famous of post-Beethovenian symphonies, and again we have been moved to reflect upon its curious and engrossing case. Tchaikovsky's *Pathetic* Symphony has suffered the novel fate of those works of art that profoundly affect the nerves of their generation. It has become, for many who have heard it too often, a little rubbed and coarsened, a little dulled along the edges, a little shopworn by too-eager handling. Twenty years ago the *Pathétique* was making a prodigious stir in the world. It was over-exploited and overplayed, and far too many tears were dropped upon its bowed and tragic head. This music cut very deeply into the nerves and

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brains of those of us who were hearing it so often twenty years ago; and the inevitable effect has been weariness and apathy and reaction. So, of late years, the *Pathétique* has fallen upon evil days. The Elder Statesmen of criticism pass it sniffily by—*à bas* Tchaikovsky, anyway: was he not a bombastic composer of salon-music, after all, and is not the Sixth Symphony merely a pretentious suite? As for *les jeunes*,—those ineffable illuminati of our musical time who have dropped Wagner into the tonal ash-can (the discerning Paul Rosenfeld assures us that Wagner "could not rival" the "unflagging inventive power of Haydn"), who have put Richard Strauss away in the attic along with the photographs of Miss Marie Tempest in the tights of the pagan nineties, the novels of Mr. Marion Crawford, and the collapsible opera-hat, and for whom even Debussy is a wide-eyed innocent at play with his Preraphaelite dolls—well, one hardly dares to wonder what *les jeunes* must think of the *Pathétique*.

This symphony has, in short, lost caste among the Best People: one no longer gets out the choicest table-linen when it comes to dine (as, occasionally, it must be bidden); not for it is the hundred-proof Gordon—there are lesser brands that will suffice. Alas, the poor *Pathétique!* No critic is too obscure a worm or too palpable a cretin to fling a stone in its direction; there is none so poor to do it reverence. It is relegated among Tchaikovsky's lesser works, and finds its proper place, one fancies, somewhere between the *1812* Overture and the *Souvenir de Florence*—immeasurably below, of course, the Fourth and Fifth Symphonies. It has been "cast down deep below the rolling tides of Time". The *Pathétique*, in short, is *déclassée*.

Yet some will perhaps bestow a few lingering backward glances upon this tonal derelict. They will even, perhaps, return in secret to the most famous (if also the most bedraggled) of post-Beethovenian symphonies as to something whose place is not yet taken, and perhaps not easily to be filled—a projection of the musical imagination that will always, it may be, reward those who are willing to heed the burden of its only too intelligible song.

It has long been the stereotyped thing to say of Tchaikovsky that he was an incurable psychopath. The odd thing about this *cliché* is that it is probably true; though it is too bad that the

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facts should seem to give aid and comfort to that army of sentimentalists who have broken their hearts over the wretchedness of Tchaikovsky as revealed, presumably, in the *Pathétique*—those who once goaded Mr. Ernest Newman into remarking testily that to argue that "because there is misery in the music there must be misery in the composer, is like arguing that because there is pepper in the broth there must be pepper in the cook" (to which one answer, at least, might seem to be that, after all, the broth does not issue from the cook, whereas the music does issue from the composer). But Mr. Newman afterward changed his mind about this, and spoke of Tchaikovsky "crying out as he does . . . because he is afraid to go home in the dark. . . . What gives real artistic value to his expression of the terrors that gibbered at him in the night, when his nerves were on edge, is that he really saw them very clearly and has limned them in such a way that each of us can recognize experiences of his own in them. For Tchaikovsky would not have found such a hearing for his woes unless humanity had had similar woes of its own."

Some have pooh-poohed the idea that Tchaikovsky was unhappy when he composed this symphony, and have adduced the well-known passage in his letter of February 22, 1892, to his brother, written during the composition of the *Pathétique*, in which he speaks of his joy in his work. But there is the equally celebrated passage in the same letter wherein he says: "This symphony is penetrated by subjective sentiment. . . . While composing it in my mind, I often wept bitterly." What said Mr. George Moore in one of his truthful moments?—"The sadness of life is the joy of art."

Perhaps the time may come again when we shall all be willing to agree that this too-famous symphony is among the most touching disclosures in the art of our period—a thing of moving sincerity, of a poignancy that at times is overwhelming, that, despite its occasional banality, is filled, in its richest moments, with a searching and unforgettable beauty. If ever music drew its breath in pain, it is in certain accessions of passionate grieving in this symphony, when we seem to hear Tchaikovsky saying to us,—

Absent thee from felicity awhile;

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or when, as in other pages of desperate and terrible gayety, it is as if he hoped to sustain himself and us by that insupportable, that heart-breaking cry of his,—

. . . Death cannot spoil the Spring!

To see the Tchaikovsky of this symphony as "a crying child" who is "merely hurt and very sorry for himself"—as "the typical Weary Willie of art", suffering "from what the advertisements call 'that tired feeling'; and a scared Willie, in addition" (the wit is Mr. Newman's)—is vivacious and enjoyable, of course; but there are moments when one wishes that Mr. Newman had been less uproariously funny; or funny in a different way, or in a different connection. For ourselves, we find a truer and more satisfying account of the Tchaikovsky of the *Pathetic* Symphony in these sentences that were written about it years ago, when it was still esteemed: "It seems to us that in this symphony Tchaikovsky realized his own self with a completeness and with all too sad a feeling that must ever remain unique and exceptional in the art of the world. . . . We have before compared this wonderful work, a work which shakes the heart and fills up all one's lifelong grief for things that are dead, with Shelley's *Adonaïs*, which is its counterpart in literature. 'Time,' writes Shelley,[1] 'like a many-colored dome of glass, stains the white radiance of eternity'. Even so, Tchaikovsky in this symphony has stained eternity's radiance: he has captured the years and bound them into a momentary emotional pang."

Tchaikovsky dreaded with passionate protest what Sir Thomas Browne called "the iniquity of oblivion". He feared the thought of death with a shuddering and unceasing terror; and into his most personal and characteristic utterance, the *Pathetic* Symphony (though not only there), he emptied all the dark trouble of his heart—all that he knew of anguished apprehension and foreboding, of grief that is unassuageable, of consternation and despair. Tchaikovsky never divulged the meaning of this singularly affecting music, but its purport is unmistakable. Its burden is the infinite sadness of human destiny and the crushing finality of death; and the hopelessness of the music is as manifest

[1] Shelley wrote "Life", not "Time"; but the fact does not materially affect the sensitive aptness of Mr. Vernon Blackburn's comparison.

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as it is unrelieved. Tchaikovsky has not here incurred the calm reproach of Krishna: "Thou hast grieved for those who need no grief;" for his grief is centered rather upon the tragic frustrations of his own life; his lamentation is for the precious things of the world that he sees slipping irreclaimably from his grasp. This music is saturated with the precise emotion which moved Edgar Allan Poe when he wrote his heartbroken *Dream Within a Dream:*

I stand amid the roar
Of a surf-tormented shore,
And I hold within my hand
Grains of the golden sand:
How few! Yet how they creep
Through my fingers to the deep,
While I weep, while I weep!
O God! can I not grasp
Them with a tighter clasp?
O God! Can I not save
One from the pitiless wave?
Is all that we see or seem
But a dream within a dream?

Tchaikovsky, like the ancient poets of China, believed that "to feel, and in order to feel, to express, all that is poignant and sensitive in man, is in itself a sufficient end"; and certain of those deep and ineradicable moods he chaliced in music that is indeed, in itself, a sufficient end; music that is piercingly surcharged with the sense of human evanescence—"the pathos of life and death, the long embrace, the hand stretched out in vain, the moment that glides forever away into the shadow of the haunted past".

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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PROGRESS OF THE WORLD

That the butterfly contains within itself what Huxley would have called the promise and potency of the cure of tuberculosis and perhaps of other malignant plagues might seem a fantastic proposition, were it not for our memory of its antecedents. It is now about fifty-five years since Pasteur the Great perceived in the fermentation of beer and wine the principle which emboldened him to declare that we should one day learn to eliminate all communicable diseases from the world. Biot, Dumas and the other veterans of science were incredulous. But crying "*Travailler! toujours travailler!*" the young master of them all proceeded to cure first the "sicknesses" of beer and wine, then the "silkworm disease", then a formidable poultry pestilence, then one of the deadliest plagues of cattle. Having thus worked his way up in the scale of life, he addressed himself by the same methods to the salvation of man from what had been regarded as the most hopeless and horrible of diseases, rabies, and thus opened the way for the work of Lister, of Koch, of Finlay and Carroll, and to all the unspeakably beneficent wonders of the science of bacterial therapeutics. If thus Pasteur found in an atom of yeast the cure for rabies, typhoid, cholera, malaria, yellow fever, diphtheria and bubonic plague, there is no occasion for skepticism when his disciple, Metalnikow, suggests that in the larva of a butterfly may be found the cure for other pestilences.

The Pilgrim Tercentenary was commemorated at the spot with appropriate ceremonies, simple enough to have pleased the Fathers themselves, yet not lacking in dignity and splendor; the oration by Senator Lodge being not unworthy to follow that of Webster a hundred years before, and the dramatic culmination being the interruption of the speaker to permit the exchange of telephonic greetings between the Governor of Massachusetts, sitting in Bradford's chair at Plymouth, and the Governor of

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California at the Golden Gate. This literal fulfilment of the prophecy of Webster which Senator Lodge had just quoted fires the imagination as few incidents in our time have done. Elsewhere, however, popular attention to the august anniversary turned largely to unfavorable discussion of the minor and ephemeral features of the Pilgrim character, and to those of the Puritans with whom, by some inscrutable ineptitude, the Pilgrims were identified; and too little to the fundamental and immortal elements of their greatness. It was in fact the tercentenary of democracy in America, of compulsory public education, and of universal military service; the three principles which above all others need to be remembered at this time.

The tragedy of Home Rule pursues its apparently interminable way. Mr. Lloyd-George's bill, amended by the Lords, has become law, and thus has achieved its first object, namely, the supplanting and elimination from the statute book of his former measure, enacted just before the Great War. Whether its second and supreme object, the settlement of the "Irish problem", will be attained is a matter which lingers in the lap of the gods. The law provides for two separate Irish Parliaments, one for six Ulster counties and one for all the rest, with a liaison agency in the form of a Council to which each of the two parts of Ireland will send twenty members. This division of Ireland is what the Nationalists and Sinn Feiners have always declared to be unacceptable; to which the latter faction has in late years added that nothing would be acceptable save complete independence. It remains to be seen whether there will be persistence in that irreconcilable attitude. The law grants each part of the island three and a half years—that is, until the end of the present Parliament—to decide whether to accept it. Rejection, or failure to accept within the time limit, automatically kills the law for that part of Ireland, and leaves as the alternative the Crown Colony system. There is a possibility, then, that this Parliament, just before it expires, will record the failure of the law and the establishment of Crown Colony government, with its inevitable concomitant of military coercion; leaving the further working out of the problem to a new Parliament elected

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under the influence of those distressing circumstances. There is also, we must hope, a possibility of wiser counsels prevailing, and of the new law receiving a fair trial, alike in Belfast and in Cork.

The chief, outstanding fact concerning the first meeting of both houses of the League of Nations is that it developed a radical difference of opinion—we might say of conviction—between them on a matter of the very greatest importance, namely, the respective authority of the Council and Assembly in the work of the League. There was some almost acrimonious discussion, which did not, however, lead to any open breach. But even if conducted in the most amicable manner, the controversy was and will be, until settled, none the less resolute. Briefly stated, the question is whether the League is to be what President Wilson once felicitously described as an Association of Free Nations—free and, of course, equal, according to the very first principle of international law—or is to be an oligarchy of five Great Powers dominating all the rest, in which—as President Wilson also, on another occasion, described it—the Council shall exert the real power and do the real things, while the Assembly chiefly talks and debates. The question is obviously fundamental, affecting the whole constitution and conduct of the League. It will not escape notice that it presents almost precisely the same two theories of international relationships which Senator Harding described in one of his addresses last summer; and also that the great majority of the nations in the League strongly incline toward that side for which he expressed his preference. Thus as between President Wilson's scheme of a League and Senator Harding's view of international coöperation, the latter is supported by as impressive a majority of the nations of the world as of the people of the United States. On that point the Geneva meeting of the League ratified the American election of last November.

There seems to be no reasonable doubt that Dr. Alfredo Zayas received a majority of the votes at the Cuban election and was thus lawfully chosen President of that Republic. Neither, unfortunately, is there any doubt that the defeated candidate,

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backed by a considerable party, is inclined to try the game of revolution which he has twice tried before. That in such circumstances some Cubans should be inclined to intervention and permanent control by the United States as the only way of safety and tranquillity, is not surprising, though we cannot regard it as commendable. There surely should be enough men of true patriotism in Cuba to prevent such overthrow of the Republic by a candidate and a faction whose campaign cry has been "Gambling and Idleness!" There is an unwelcome suggestion in it to Americans that this country is, in a way, responsible for the existence of the revolutionary spirit in Cuba. When General José Miguel Gomez started his first revolution, against President Estrada Palma, a resolute stand by the United States would have squelched the whole business, probably for all time. There never was a more inexcusably wicked revolution than that. But the United States made the monumental mistake of parleying and treating with the rebels and actually conniving at the overthrow of the Palma Government. It was the encouragement thus given to lawlessness and crime that led to the second attempt at revolution and to all subsequent troubles of that sort. General Gomez is now trying to repeat the performance which we permitted to succeed in 1906. It is too late to atone for the tragic error of nearly fifteen years ago, but it is at least possible to avoid its repetition. The sending thither of General Crowder —who has done more for Cuba than any living man save only General Leonard Wood—on a mission of counsel and adjustment, is most auspicious; but it rests with the Cubans themselves to confine his work to counsel and not to extend it to intervention and control.

Complete statistics of Europe's economic progress in 1920 are not yet available, but enough assured data are at hand to demonstrate that the nations are surely emerging from the prostration of the war. Sir Auckland Geddes recently described Europe as witnessing an age that was dying; but certainly that dying age is being succeeded by one of intense vitality. Belgium, one of the most ravaged and devastated countries in the history of the world, is taking the lead in rehabilitation. In the first nine

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months of 1920 her imports showed an increase of nearly 155 per cent over the same period in 1919, while her exports showed an increase of nearly 506 per cent. All her railroads are rebuilt, and passenger traffic on them is already about 60 per cent of what it was before the war, while freight traffic is about 90 per cent. Of her 55 iron and steel works, 52 have been reopened. France, also hideously ravaged, has in the year increased her exports by about 300 per cent, and has practically reversed in her own favor her balance of trade. Before the war her exports were only 78 per cent of her imports, and in 1917–1919 they fell to only about 20 per cent; but last year they rose by October to 90 per cent, and probably reached 100 per cent by the end of the year. Great Britain increased her imports by 20 per cent and her exports by nearly 100 per cent; and Italy, decreasing her imports by 1.5 per cent, increased her exports by more than 83 per cent. Such nations are not dying, but are facing the New Year with hope and resolution.

The Secretary of State has been making a pilgrimage of peace and good will among the Latin American Republics, with the best of motives and with a fine measure of personal ability, but with what it is to be feared was an all but fatal handicap. He had to bear the burden of diplomatic and other blunders—some of them crimes—for not one of which was he personally responsible. The incredible folly and iniquity of "watchful waiting" and its murderous sequel in Mexico were known and resented in every land that he visited. So was our wicked destruction of the Central American International Court of Justice. So were our various sordid meddlings in the affairs of Central American States, and our oppression of Haiti and Santo Domingo. Another grave handicap was the fact that he went as the representative of an Administration which was about to go out of office, so that while he probably would not offer any apologies for the past, he could certainly make no promises for the future. It must have been a singularly distasteful task for a man of his attainments to undertake such a mission in such circumstances, and it is a fine tribute to his personality that he was at least courteously received wherever he went.

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The crime wave in New York City has presented a noteworthy parallel, in at least three major respects, to the course of the United States in entering the Great War. Just as President Wilson and his Secretaries of War and the Navy stubbornly refused to recognize the imminence of war, which was obvious to everybody else, and refused to make even the most moderate and normal preparations for it, so the Mayor of New York and his Police Commissioner at least affected to ignore the rising tide of crime and refused to take any effective measures for repressing it. Again, just as the President and his Secretaries, when at last the war broke upon them, hastily strove to adopt the policies which had been recommended and urged upon them and which they had spurned and resented, so the municipal functionaries frantically recalled some of the measures of their predecessors which they themselves had contemptuously discarded and condemned. Once more, just as the Administration, in its belligerent panic and hysteria, insisted upon going to extravagant and thitherto unheard-of extremes of dictatorial government, so the New York Administration in a like spirit adopted measures which it is flattering to call fantastic follies. The result in the one case will also resemble that in the other. The crime wave will be suppressed, as the war was won. But in each case the cost is or will be treble what it should have been.

Clamor continues about the distress of Germany and her inability to discharge any of her obligations unless she is substantially assisted by her late antagonists; and most elaborate camouflage is presented to American visitors, in hope of deceiving them and inclining them to plead Germany's cause here. It ought to be obvious to every clear-sighted observer that these woful tales do not accord with known facts or with the common sense view of the case. We pass by the admissions, by Germans themselves, of the almost inconceivably profligate extravagance of the numerous German profiteers, of the sending of vast sums of money out of the country, to the Hohenzollern criminals and others, and of the existence of great wealth in that country. Let us instead compare Germany with other countries. Belgium and France were ravaged and plundered, their industries were de-

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stroyed, their cities burned, their farms devastated, their goods stolen. But absolutely nothing of the sort happened to any part of Germany. She remained everywhere unharmed. More that that, she enormously profited by being the recipient of hundreds of millions of dollars worth of machinery and goods stolen from these other countries, and from the slave labor of hundreds of thousands of military and civilian prisoners of war. France and Belgium had to borrow vast sums abroad, but Germany borrowed all her war funds from her own people, save what she stole from Belgium and France. In brief, the others suffered all things, while Germany suffered nothing. Yet to-day Belgium is prospering, and has generously renounced the right to confiscate German property within her borders, and France, also prospering, is paying off hundreds of millions of her foreign debts. Why, then, should Germany be in so great distress? She cannot be, unless her people are grossly incompetent. *Timeo Teutones, et preces ferentes.*

The famine in China is unmistakably of appalling proportions, beyond any earthly power to relieve with any degree of completeness; which of course is no reason in the world for not doing all that can possibly be done to relieve it in part. It seems certain to be far worse than that of 1877–78 in the same regions, when 9,500,000 are said to have perished, while the great famines in Orissa and Rajputana appear insignificant by the side of it, with their million or two victims each. The irony of it is, as of the former Chinese famine, and of the famines in Russia, and at the present time in Austria, that the trouble lies not in lack of food but in lack of transportation. There is plenty of food in China itself, but there is no way of getting it to the destitute regions, especially in winter when the rivers and canals are ice-locked. These circumstances suggest very strongly the desirability of some outside initiative and direction in the creating of the needed public works, particularly railroads. If the nations of the world are periodically to be called upon to relieve famines in China, it is fitting that they should have something to say about rational and practical means for preventing famines. A few years ago China declined a much-needed foreign loan, because

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the Powers which were to make it insisted upon supervising the spending of the money. At the present time the Chinese Government, for good cause, seems inclined to forego that objection; as it ought to do. There should, of course, be no thought of permanently infringing upon China's complete sovereignty. But there should be service, to help her to make that sovereignty sufficient unto itself and unto the vital needs of the nation. Sir Robert Hart thus served the Chinese customs department, without impairing her sovereignty. What he did in that department might as well be done by others in other departments.

The investigation into the building trades in New York was supposed at the beginning to be nothing more than a local inquiry into some of the causes of the scarcity of housing; but it swiftly developed into an inquest of national importance, directly affecting some of the most vital economic interests of the American people. The salient features of the disclosures thus far made are, in brief, that the building trades of New York and of much of the whole United States have been controlled by organizations of capitalists, contractors, and others, for the arbitrary and extortionate raising of prices both of materials and of work, and that the labor unions have been in part the coparceners in and in part the tools of these vicious conspiracies. The results of these operations have been that all building, public and private, has cost far more than it should have cost, and that many real estate owners have been discouraged or actually prevented from building at all. Some of the conspirators have sought immunity through voluntary disbandment of their organizations, while many others have been indicted. The ramifications of the rascality extend to many other cities, and the holding of inquests elsewhere than in New York is urged. The case appears to call for investigation and penal action by national authorities, for which there would be ample warrant under the interstate commerce clause of the Constitution and the anti-trust act.

The extraordinary repudiation of Mr. Venizelos by the Greek electorate was promptly followed, as had been anticipated, by

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the return of the former King, Constantine, to Athens and his resumption of the royal dignity. His profuse protests that he was not in the war pro-German, but merely pro-Greek, were not convincing to the Allies, which manifested their strong displeasure at his restoration, though they took no actual steps to prevent it. How their attitude of aloofness and their unwillingness to give further aid to Greece, financial or military, will affect the fortunes of the Hellenic kingdom, remains to be seen. The Greeks seem to face the prospect with cheerfulness. Not the least remarkable thing about the case is that there has been apparently not a thought of referring it in any way to the League of Nations, though it is obviously one well suited to consideration by that body.

The prospective deficit in the Treasury, of colossal proportions, at the end of the current fiscal year, inevitably raises question of the propriety of trying to pay off the war debt so rapidly. At the present rate we shall pay about half of it in ten years, which is twice as fast as we paid off the far smaller debt of the Civil War. It is suggestive to recall that the latter debt reached its peak at $2,674,815,856 in 1865, and that by 1885 it had declined to $1,375,352,443, or 48.5 per cent. In 1865 it amounted to $76.98 per capita, and in 1885, owing partly to the reduction of the debt and partly to the increase of population, to only $24.50. Perhaps more significant still is the reduction of interest. In 1865 the yearly interest charge was $137,742,617, and in 1885, partly because of reduction of the debt and partly because of refunding at lower rates, it fell to $47,014,133, a decline of 64.9 per cent. The interest per capita was $3.96 in 1865, and only 84 cents in 1885, a decline of 78.7 per cent. It is of course desirable to pay off indebtedness rapidly, but it is still more desirable to promote the prosperity of the country; and if the former process is pushed to the detriment of the latter, hardship is incurred and evil results. The part of financial statesmanship is to find the point at which the greatest possible reduction of the debt can be made without interfering with business and the prosperity of the people.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

CONTEMPORARY FRENCH POLITICS. By Raymond Leslie Buell. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

The study of the political life of a foreign country may have two main values: it may create the understanding necessary for intelligent sympathy and proper coöperation, and it may throw light upon general problems of government, broadening our views and enabling us better to judge our own habits and institutions. These two values are closely associated: any book that gives us the one must give us in some measure the other also. Sympathy that is not based upon knowledge broad enough to have an independent value and to afford a basis for self-criticism can be but superficial; knowledge that excites no sympathy toward a foreign people involved in difficulties altogether "human," however repugnant to individual reason, is probably incomplete or merely academic.

Many books about foreign peoples and their governments and institutions fall short of real usefulness because they are too much specialized, confined too closely to the consideration of government or history or politics—subjects somewhat artificially defined—or because they are restricted to some one point of view, such as the historic or the psychological. To profit by a survey of some particular province of thought or fact requires more supplementary general knowledge than the average reader possesses. It is no wonder that all but scholars are prone to turn away from such books and seek enlightenment elsewhere. Yet these academic works are more commendable than those "interpretations" in which sentiment and rhetoric reign supreme. There is a time, no doubt, for special pleas and for fervid "impressions"—as for everything else under the sun—but that time, so far as our ideas of France are concerned, is passing. It is well for us to have seen the vision of France in the glamour which her own heroism has cast upon her, but for real acquaintance something more is needed.

Mr. Buell's book affords the beginning of sound knowledge concerning France because it treats of the larger—that is, the political—aspects of French life with some approach to completeness and without the sentiment that blurs outlines, though with full and sympathetic recognition of that element of feeling which enters into all human relations and which must be understood if anything is to be understood. To see how institutions work, to perceive their defects and the inevitableness of these defects, and at the same time to have a normal vision of future progress—in short, to see how different historic causes and varying motives and opinions, opposing groups and interests,

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interact to produce that wonderful living and growing organism, a great nation—this is to have true sympathy with the people of a foreign land and at the same time to enlarge one's political philosophy.

Nothing could more truly characterize the French people or mark more clearly the intellectual and temperamental contrast between them and the people of England or America than Mr. Buell's account of the confusing multiplicity of French political parties and of the French tendency to divide according to logical distinctions, complete programmes, even philosophies, rather than according to habitual groupings. Yet this is but the natural result of independent thinking in politics, of following principles rather than men, and an analysis of the French situation cannot but stimulate the reader to some highly critical thinking as to the very nature of party government and the conditions on which its success depends. Again, if we note the strength and extent of the socialistic trend in France and the variety of opinions and interests involved in it, we learn to appreciate not only the conditions of progress in that country and to see how far from easy is the path of the moderate reformist there, but we also gain some insight into the nature of the socialist tendency everywhere. Concerning a country in which every variety of view, from the most conservative to the most radical, is maintained with the utmost clearness and logical consistency, a country that one might expect to sink into disorder through confusion of counsels, it is interesting to read that "Socialism is in practically the same stage in France as it is in the United States. Its surest preventive is neither in force nor in a reign of terror; it is in a righteous policy of social reform." Other phases of the subject teach the same double lesson. To estimate French bureaucracy justly, one must understand not only the evils of the system, but the practical difficulties of "unscrambling the eggs." At the same time, one may learn of bureaucracy itself that it is not simply a kind of stupidity, but is an imperfect device of government not necessarily ruinous to a great (in this case, a very great) nation. If the French need of reparations and guarantees is stressed in the discussion of the Peace Treaty, nevertheless the diversity of French views on this subject shows rather strikingly that the whole question is wider than guarantees and reparations: even French opinion realizes that there is nothing necessarily final about the doctrine of the balance of power. Moreover, Mr. Buell's amusing chapter upon the French press not only reveals and partly explains an idiosyncrasy of the French mentality, but raises in one's mind the query whether our own newspapers give us quite all that they might in the way of intellectual stimulus. It is a curious and significant fact that each of the doctrinaire French papers has a large circulation among the *opponents* of the ideas for which it stands. These papers are read for amusement, for controversy, for the clarification of issues—not merely for facts or for mental dissipation.

The reader of this book cannot help being struck with the genius of the French people for reconciling differences while at the same time preserving the utmost individuality of thought and sentiment, for compromising without

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making a fetish of compromise. And in studying the defects of French politics, he may find himself studying popular government and the relation that exists between forms of government and the character and history of a people.

NATURALISM IN ENGLISH POETRY. By Stopford A. Brooke, M.A., LL.D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

The predominating impression one receives from these essays and lectures is that they are the work of one who narrowly missed being a great critic. Persuasively introducing his readers to the poets whose qualities and significance he discusses and tracing the transition from formalism to naturalism with rare clearness and tact, the author fulfills almost to perfection many of the functions of a good teacher of English literature. Occasionally he shows something like originality of interpretation or almost attains that simple profundity of elucidation which is the supreme virtue of the critic; yet in the difficult work of revealing the vital connection between literary genius in its various perplexing forms and recognized human needs or human destiny, he falls always a little short.

The failure to develop a definite literary creed, even to approach a standpoint from which one can see literary excellences as undoubted values (to do more than approach it is perhaps too much to ask of any critic), this failure is disappointing. Dr. Brooke's *humanity* is, to be sure, always as much in evidence as his artistic sensibility. His criticism is full of wise observations and exquisitely precise appreciations; it is never merely technical, and it is never crassly moralistic or philistine in temper. Frequently it seems about to bridge the gulf that divides the lover of art for art's sake from the dweller in the real world who obstinately wants to know what poetry is good for—a person whose point of view always has to be reckoned with in the long run.

Poetry, says the author, escaped "from London into the world, from artificial into natural thinking on the subject of mankind. And along with this outlook to the future of man in which fresh life was hoped for, there was also, and concordant with it, a reversion to the past when life was natural, when convention scarcely existed, when the artificial was all but unknown, and men spoke, wrote, acted and thought out of the impulsive passion of the moment." But should men think, act, and write out of the impulsive passion of the moment? One gathers from the whole of Dr. Brooke's discussion that *sometimes*, if not always, it is well to do so! This however is but the illogical compromise of the average mind bewildered by the power of poetry and by its lack of definite significance in life. Again writes Dr. Brooke: "It is a terrible business for poetry when it is wholly employed on man or wholly employed on nature. In either case, the poetry becomes thin, feeble, unimaginative, incapable of giving impulse or bringing comfort." The remark falls just short of profundity. Truly, one can scarcely resist the suggestion that poetry should

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aspire to give a complete, not an abstract or mutilated account of experience. It seems that only one further step may be necessary in order to achieve a standpoint from which one might be able both to estimate the value of poetry and to explain its power. But no such step is taken. It is but fair to ask of a critic writing from a frankly human standpoint that he shall make some attempt to relate literature to life, that he shall not simply take for granted all the various and more or less conflicting values claimed for poetry. The very ordinary assumption, that literary genius (the genius, for example, of Byron) is undoubtedly in some way a good thing, if not a joy for ever, while more or less moralistic or pragmatic criteria are always to be admitted in discussing preferences, and that an evaluation of the *kudos* belonging to an author because of his "place in literature" may always be properly substituted for a discussion of his real value, must leave one unsatisfied.

To have a catholic taste is doubtless eminently desirable; it is a pity, for instance, not to be able to enjoy both Shelley and Wordsworth. But catholicity should be a philosophy and not merely a willingness to accept whatever fine thing is offered. It is necessary, therefore, to compare Wordsworth and Shelley. How do we fare in such a comparison under the guidance of Dr. Brooke?

"Yes, it is a good thing," writes the critic, "to be led by Shelley to enjoy our own dreams, to touch the remote and delicate pleasures of beauty, to feel the far off joys of infinite dreams of good, of fine regrets; to enter into the subtle spiritual world of nature where every dewdrop has its own indweller, and every cloud its own spirit which builds and unbuilds it again. And men are getting very old when they are no longer grateful to him for expressing this silken-woven world of phantasy and love within us. Nevertheless, it is better to be brought by Wordsworth to see the beautiful in the common world; to be filled with tenderness for the men and women with whom we live; to be taught to conquer regrets; to take things with a noble patience; to get the good out of the battle; to secure our victory and peace; and when we are led into Nature, to be led into her actual world and yet to feel behind it and behind ourselves, so that Nature and we are knit together in harmony, there is one thinking Spirit, one Wisdom, one Power and one Love."

It would be stupid not to recognize the value of this fine passage; yet Shelley and Wordsworth are not so easily to be reconciled. One who has made Wordsworth his father confessor must always feel that to surrender his soul to Shelley can be nothing but a kind of dissipation. To an adorer of Shelley, the Wordsworthian way of taking life can never be wholly acceptable. The *moods* of these two poets are incompatible. To be sure, if we are not to take either mood into the stream of experience, there will be no difficulty whatever: we may intoxicate ourselves with Shelley for the sake of artistic excitement, just as (to adopt a homely and antiquated simile) one drinks a cocktail. But if this Epicurean view of poetry be adopted, what becomes of the preference for Wordsworth on moral grounds?

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The fact is that we cannot escape from the philosophic implications of either poet. If we do not in some measure surrender to the poet, we cannot really care for him, and if we do, we are under the psychological necessity of carrying into our lives some effects of the poet's mood. If there is any subtle falsity in this mood—falsity inherent in the very quality of his feeling or expression—then we are sure to encounter the baneful effects of it, unless we are guarded by an intelligent, inclusive criticism. It is of no use to tell us that Shelley is in his main drift simply a great preacher of liberty or a lover of spiritual beauty; for what we shall get from Shelley, if we get anything that is Shelleyan at all, is not his main drift, but the intimate quality of his thought and emotion, his way of taking life. There is no escape from this dilemma except through sheer hedonism on the one hand or through a criticism confined to barren questions of technique or literary "taste" on the other.

Thus, while Stopford Brooke has written good criticism, he has not written great criticism; for a criticism which, while dealing with human values, does not really seek for the larger reconciling ideas, and which always in a pinch leans toward a theological standard (the chapter on Byron's *Cain* is virtually a sermon, though an uncommonly good one) cannot be called great.

DOMESDAY BOOK. By Edgar Lee Masters. New York: The Macmillan Company.

This latest and most portentous work of Mr. Masters may be roughly compared in idea to Browning's *The Ring and The Book*. Like the latter poem, Mr. Masters' versified narrative tells the story of a life from many different points of view, and seems to say finally that concerning the true inwardness of human experience, God only knows. It is true that while Browning obtained his material from an old book, Mr. Masters appears to have derived his largely from a conscientious reading of the newspapers; and that he seems to say, "God only knows," with a somewhat different accent. These divergencies do not, however, vitiate the comparison. Newspapers may be quite as good artistic material as a book, however old and worm-eaten, and in these days every one may be considered free to say "God only knows," in whatever accent he pleases.

To be more precise, Mr. Masters tells the story of a girl's life as it gradually comes to light through the investigations of an extraordinary coroner's jury, a jury presided over by a philosopher who is not content till he has exposed every phase of the dead woman's experience from childhood onwards and traced the "riffles" her life made in the lives of other people to the point where the waves of influence become microscopic and imperceptible. Misunderstandings that ruin young lives, illicit love affairs, spasms of goodness, the love of freedom, the value of courage in the pursuit of one's own destiny—all these are treated *in extenso*, with much reportorial straightforwardness and some philosophy: the report of a post-mortem examination is given in all

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its technical detail—nothing is withheld; for this, you see, including the physician's reasons for concluding that the young woman "had lived," are all a part of the general mess of life, as we know it, and as we make it.

In criticizing this extraordinary product of imaginative thought, the reviewer feels that it is best not to involve himself in obscure questions regarding the nature of poetry or in possible sophistries about the value of boldness, originality, or fearless self-expression in literature. Nor does he wish to make any unjustifiable assumptions about the author's purpose in writing.

The fact remains that this extraordinarily long, extremely pedestrian, excessively realistic poem, does seem to be trying, and insistently trying, to say something. Some investigation of the general considerations that prompted its writing (if not of its exact purpose or message) must therefore be the first—as it will be, in the case of the present reviewer, the last—task of the critic.

After reading the whole thing conscientiously through, and after temporarily and provisionally surrendering oneself to the author's point of view, whatever it may be, one leans to the judgment that this is a work written by one of William James's "tough-minded" people for the benefit of the "tender-minded," falsely conceived as unimaginative or cowardly in their unwillingness to face the facts of life. The fallacy—"Whoever does not think and write as I do is afraid of the truth"—is of course implicit in the work of many realists of a certain type. It maybe, that they do not actually entertain this view; but if not, it is a little difficult to understand their insistence upon facts of a certain kind. They seem to be endeavoring to wake up a certain portion of the public from a supposed moral and mental sloth. Such, as nearly as one can guess, is the motive of Mr. Masters: that there is another and artistic motive does not clearly appear.

Let it be said, then, that if there be any one who does not clearly realize that life is infinitely complex, that it is in the last analysis practically impossible to assign responsibility for evil, that much good may be where convention sees only evil, that there are daily tragedies where custom recognizes only sordid immorality—if there be any one who is not convinced of these things already or cannot learn them from his own observations and the daily papers, he may derive great benefit from reading Mr. Masters' book. But those to whom these things are commonplaces will perhaps not care to wade through the poem; for they will find in it little philosophy, little impulse or exaltation, little of anything that they cannot think or imagine for themselves, or read in the proper sources of information; but rather such surprising things as the details of a post-mortem, seldom given to the public.

THE ROMANCE OF MADAME TUSSAUD'S. By John Theodore Tussaud. New York: George H. Doran Company.

There are few more fascinating footnotes to history than those which are supplied in this volume.

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Wax models are doubtless inferior as art to marble statues or oil paintings. The sculptor or the painter, while sacrificing certain means of realism, gives us something answerable to the character or soul of the person represented, and thus in a way he is more realistic, he comes closer to the life of his subject as the latter was known to or conceived by his contemporaries than can the modeller in wax. But if any one doubts that the wax model can come closer to reality in another way, that it can make a different and no less valuable comment, that it can bring home to one the truth of history and make a time one hundred years past seem as yesterday, he has only to turn through the illustrations in Mr. Tussaud's volume.

Madame Tussaud, the originator of the famous exhibition, lived in Paris, with her uncle, Curtius, a modeller in wax, during the days of the Terror. She was on terms of acquaintance with Marat and Robespierre. The Terrorists required her to make models of the heads of those who were guillotined and of Marat immediately after his assassination. These models are still preserved and are on exhibition in London. One does not envy the person who feels only horror and no pathos upon looking upon the modeled head of Marie Antoinette, or who is not provoked to wonder by the dead features of Carrier or Robespierre. A portrait generally expresses a view (that is, an opinion) more or less subtle and comprehensive. A photograph is sometimes deceptive in its flatness, and tricky in its light and shade. The wax model, despite its ghastliness, is in some ways utterly convincing; it adds an invaluable element of commonplaceness to one's notion of a person; it brings one into the same room with the subject, makes one realize that he actually *was*. To look at the bust of Voltaire modeled by Curtius is to get a familiar view that curiously alters one's whole attitude toward the man; that warns one effectually, for example, against thinking about him as if he were merely a literary personality.

The reproductions of these Revolutionary relics alone make the book worth owning, but there is much else. The exhibition has preserved, among other things, many curiosities of human nature, and there is a whole tragi-comedy in the aspect of the Tichborne Claimant.

The text is a faithful record of a remarkable enterprise, and it is full of anecdotes both amusing and remarkable. Mr. Tussaud has appreciated the value of his materials both from the historic point of view and from the viewpoint of human interest. His narrative, like his wax figures, simply presents facts of undeniable interest. But it is the pictures that make the book unique, for they give one a sort of knowledge that, without them, or their originals, would be unobtainable. Curiously enough, one cannot help wondering whether the photographs of the models are not more effective than the models themselves.

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